

G.R.N.
PODCASTS
MUSINGS

2022
PART B

Greg R. Norton

AS I SIT, THIS MORNING, TO think
about the news of the day, and, in starting
this writing, I'm immediately impressed,
with how *the answer, really, to living the*

healthy, happy life, seems to be, in seeing outside, somehow, of ones limited, narrow worldview... in seeing past one's own inn drawn self criticisms, and regrets, for what ever perceived flaw, or slight, which one maybe can't, or should try and understand better. How true it is, we seem to only advance, and grow, in life, and in consciousness of the spirit... we only will give of ourselves, back unto our society, in so far as we believe in our selves, and in that society! Think about it. Maybe one has been a grocer all of his working life. At around the middle point of his or her life, he awakens unto the suttle light, and

consciousness all around, and within all life, and matter... *and he begins to see his or her grocery business in a new manner.*

"Well," he says unto himself, one day,

"How can I balance my new found ecological consciousness, with my profession, and the work of being a grocer?" The questions, for a grower, producer, or seller, in our western civilization, some times run a bit deep.

One might, at a low period, tend to *wake up, blaming himself, or herself, and go to sleep, blaming himself...* but, at a point, his view of himself becomes improved, and he realizes, that his small faults, and flaws, as

a person, aren't really worth living a life of self blaming over... then, he thinks, and wonders, "Well, if it's not me, and my behavior," which is worth worrying, so much over, well, then, "What about our living, is so worrisome?" "Why do I have such a set of troubles?" "*What did I do, to deserve this?*" The insightful person, if he can see past his petty self blaming, and self criticism, his negative thinking about his or her own self, will finally see, how, this time we are living in, is really something... *just, impressive.* Our well developed industrial society, and consumer based economy gives us easy access to such a

broad diversity of products... everything is at our fingertips... and this is so amazing...

almost like Utopia... *or, here it is... The Dream of the Sages!* All of the varieties of groceries, *many different brands, of each type of food product*, are stocked in a giant ware house sized store, with polished floors, and florescent lighting... and connected, digital cash registers, along the front, to record every transaction, and receive monies for each purchase... "But," the grocer concludes, at a point,

"Harvesting the fruits, and the natural resources, of the land... and the industry of creating all of these diverse products... *our*

vast economy geared toward meeting the every need and desire, of the customer..."

"I wonder," he asks of himself, if maybe,

"This consumer driven economy, might have inn advertently created, an uniquely discrete relationship within the natural environment... our planet, of plenty... "*How much of my daily grief, may be due to my miss managed nature relationship, amid our larger societies' inequities... our utilizing of the Earth's natural resources, to meet the needs of Man?*" he remembers something from a lecture, he saw, on making our economy more sustainable..., "*Can I keep up my grocery management,*

with a mind like mine... while our society continues, indefinitely, ranching, and farming the resources, and minerals from the land... and forests, and wet lands, and savanna?" The speaker had asked, *"Maybe, with this Mother Nature, on my back, causing this blame complex, for my poor self, who, hasn't really done anything, at all, worth the types of scathing negativity, which we're feeling, on nearly a daily basis,"* *"Maybe the self blaming I'm going through, is part of a modern 'syndrome,' of sorts, involving feelings of guilt, at my having partaken, and consumed of so many natural biomes, and habitats... at our*

having harvested, and marketed them, for their animal, mineral, and vegetable resources..." And, here, he stops, and thinks. *"Maybe, there would be less grief, in my daily inner life, simply, if I had made my industry more ecologically conscious... if I had built sustainability, and wholism into my industries, and somehow remembered, to give back, more than I have taken, unto the natural lands,"* *"Maybe, there would be less mental illness, in my society, if I had simply, been more vegetarian."* "Just how many animal lives, have gone into feeding me, in the last twenty years... and, just imagine how many

more have gone, into feeding all of my customers, and to keep this supply chain going, and serving the needs, wants, and desires, of the ordinary citizen, *who demands inexpensive, plentiful products, in the stores, and who spends money on them, every week?"* At any rate, my reader can see, the ways the thoughts go... the way the logic, rationally tends to go, if we are to get ourselves back into the good graces, of our Planet Earth... and, *"Just how much of the daily troubles, which we read about, in the papers, and see on television is more or less in directly caused by the consequences of our irresponsible consumption?"* and

*"Shouldn't we definitely think more, about
our impacts on the nature, which
encompasses our homes, and
neighborhoods?"* and which, must
sometime wonder, **"Just what might be
transpiring?"** And, "Are the humans
really, the right stewards, of this planet,
and its natural life, and resources, "Or
not?" *Are we wise consumers, "Or not?"*
Nature looks upon our shiny vehicles, and
sprawling suburbs, and our immense cities,
and, maybe says, to herself, *"Who are these
people,"* and "Why do they seem to be
intent on resourcing the entire planet, and
consuming every natural resource, until

there is nothing left, but dry dirt, and the skeletal remains, of what could have been a virtual Garden of Eden, with human and animal cooperating, in sustainable ways?"

At any rate, this is how the 'guilt trip,' usually tends to go! I think, our mistake, is in letting this larger 'syndrome' lead us into self punishing, and self blaming, *when our only real crime, is in 'being human.'* Or in when we stupidly heed, those voices, which tell us, that we have to *'Cut off our noses, to spite our faces,'* or, all of the other self destructive tendencies, like smoking tobacco, for instance, which society tells us we've got to do, to fix

ourselves... *or to make the 'grievances'*
right. And, the list is endless. We see it
every week, on the evening news. At least,
this is my prescription, for the self blaming
tendencies... in general. And, yes, I have
thought this way before, numerous times...
most notably, in the first decade, of this
new Millennium, in which, this way of
thinking, I felt, was the only recourse, unto
those types of heavy troubles. At a point,
we all, as people, look past our petty
differences, and self criticisms, and point
instead, to the larger syndromes, at play in
the culture... *and there are many.* Our
abortion issue, for instance. We might

would allow, easy access, to this type of thing, if our law makers felt that they could escape the criticism of the Ascended Masters, *and of all who are yet to be born.* You see? And others, the questions around homosexuality, and whether it should be sanctioned, at the government level. And, of course, our conscious tends to tell us, or our children, that they are inn adequate, and that they need certain habits, and indulgences... *which obviously, have harmful side effects. Like drinking alcohol.* But, 'Listening to your still, small voice,' still seems to be the best answer, to give young people... and letting them know,

that 'self knowing,' is hugely serious business, and how, *arriving upon ones' inner, personal truths, and meanings, sometimes takes much inquiry, and self examination...* this too, requires subtle receptivity, and nuanced attending unto every slightest voice, of direction, from the inner guidance. Only later, as a seasoned grower, producer, or retailer, do we gain understanding, *of how our only faults, might have been in our consumer driven society, itself... in other words, we're 'At fault, for being human.'* This allows us to see past our petty differences, in working together, for peace, on Earth. And, you

will know, it's the smallest, most thoughtful gesture, or '*Thank you,*' which will carry the greatest benefits. And, the next time some one tells you to atone, somehow, for the sins or imbalances of the whole lot...

You can tell them where to put, this worry... for our collective burdens, and societies inn equities are well known of, and understood... this is what the Environmental protection agency is for, and our Food and drug agencies... to make sure we're not poisoning our selves, or harming the natural environment, *and to keep our conscience clean.* Well, all for now. I'll send this article along your way, now.

Greg.

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Why does Man build monuments? *This is a good question.* The pyramids of Egypt are good examples of mysterious monuments. We still haven't quite figured out how, or why they were constructed.

Such a stable design as those appears mainly to endure, over time, despite the effects of time. So, maybe this is the main

purpose... to endure. *Across Man's history, there have been mysteries.* Who, or where we were, before we were born, or what comes after our life is over, this seems, to me, to be the central mystery, to our lives, with our thinking, dreaming souls, minds, and spirits. There are mysteries in the nature of the world around us, as well... not just our minds. To be sure, the ***Precession of the Solstices***, in making one complete twenty six thousand year Cycle, is a mystery, at the heart of our planetary consciousness. But, maybe the pyramids of Egypt, were sarcophagi, for the carrying of the deceased ruler, into the next world.

Hasn't this been accomplished, already?

Because, these are the days of binary communication, and record keeping! What greater criteria could there be, to meet, than to endure the ages, until the binary age... the digital age, of electricity. Maybe, the immensity, and mystery of the pyramids were a kind of self evident truth, somewhat attesting unto a unique relationship, in the scheme of things, with the Afterlife. After all, we, to this day, don't quite know what type of technology would have been required, to transport, and put those massive stone blocks into place... the thing begs the question, 'What higher

accessional assistance, did those peoples get, in constructing them?' At the least, this suggests that the ancient Egyptians had a unique relationship, with the world beyond, or with the future, or maybe, with the expanding, flowing, billowing of time space, itself. We may never completely know, how this was done. In the modern times, we have seen how, literature, in the forms of books, film, and musical albums have been created... often, to monumental extremes. These artworks seem to embody the times, and are on repeat, so to speak, everywhere. Paintings, and sculptures are sometimes quite monumental, or

promethean. Libraries, and galleries are present in every major city, and stand as reminders, so to speak, of the visions of artists... *what has been seen, and shown.*

Just how many of these works of art, could compare unto the stone obliks found at Go

blekky teppy, the oldest monumental

temple known to Man. *How many*

sculptures, have content, as rich, as that construction of limestone monoliths? But,

to be sure, symbolist art, has often been

used as music album artwork, meant to

accompany, and stand for a set of

recordings. In many ways, these things are

the monuments, so to speak, of the modern

era. Paintings, and music, have a long ,
enter twined history... and the best
examples, might have been during the
flowering, of arts and music, which
accompanied the decade of the nine teen
sixties. Scientific achievement, and
engineering has at times had gigantic
scale... The Space Shuttles, and the Apollo
Moon rockets, are two examples. Is it any
co incidence, that the largest music
festival, up to that point, happened the
same year as the first Moon landing... *Neil
Armstrong's moon walk was in July, and
the Woodstock festival was in August, one
month later.* How would we have any

inkling, as to the previous inhabitants, of this planet, if those people had not left monuments. *There is something understated, yet very immense, in this question.* Those who painted on cavern walls, may have been the first known peoples to interact with our binary society. And, today we have, 'temporary temples,' the crop circles... who creates them, is unknown, although silvery spheres and moving lights have been seen where and when these crop circles appear. Of course, people photograph these phenomena, and galleries of the patterns and images can be found on the internet. *But, I think, the*

*impulse to leave some record, or monument
unto our existences, is as old as Mankind.*

It's something like a puzzle game, this
leaving of lasting monuments... as the mind
wonders, '*Who were these people?*' '*Who
was this artist?*' we participate, in the re
telling, of the myths and legends of the
past... of deep antiquity. There's something
about, Man's mind... at a point, anyone will
abandon all atheism... *and quickly
formulate theories of 'the Afterlife,' or 'the
Invisible.'* When, where, why, and how,
this shift takes place, is merely speculative,
but I have spent the last twenty years of my
life, looking at my own awakening, *and*

*trying to form inferences, and make generalizations, about the natures of life. I think, that there's a big connection, between a vision of the *Ascended Masters*, or, what might be called *etheric eyesight*, or seeing, and the primal impulse, to make lasting records, and monuments. You don't have one, without the other. So, it might could be said, that 'Induction, into the spiritual mysteries, and the spiritual socialization, and yoon gee un individuation, is essentially the pre cursor, unto the designing and building of lasting, or monumental art, music records, engineering feats, or scientific*

accomplishment... *like Einstein's E equals
emm cee squared. I don't think you could
have arrived upon a thing of such truth,
and beauty, without already having had the
visionary faculty, or Seeing, instilled into
your mind.* (And, this is more than just a
Seeing. Over twenty or more years, of
etheric eyesight, a person comes,
eventually, to be familiar with the '*Ways of
the Spirit.*' Finding such a thing as
Einstein's equation, might have required
him to know, and become familiar, with
these '*Ways.*')

At any rate, these have been a few
thoughts, into this notebook, this afternoon.

Maybe you'll see what you want to see in
them... maybe I'll confirm you in your
beliefs. But, always remember, no mortal
man has as yet solved the afterlife
questions... no one has any real claim, on
this knowledge. The natures of our minds,
are such that there are multiple ways to see,
the afterlife enigma, and there isn't
complete agreement, between the theories.
So, the question, remains open. At any
rate, just some thoughts.

I have the tendency, (if I'm over thinking,)
to be rigid, and inn flexible... I'm very
reluctant to compromise... and, my
hypocrisy, therefore, gets pretty bad,

sometimes. *But, thinking isn't most people's forte.* It might help your self, to see the unnn fairness, sometimes, in what's asked of ourselves, as people. Have you ever thought, how, we, as people walk around, down here on the surface, of Earth... beneath clouds, which shoot down humungous bolts of electrical discharge... randomly picking people to electrocute, and fry to a crisp? *And, we have to act like everything is normal!* And, where I live, we have the shared experience, of hoping, and praying, that we avoid a rolling, twisting, cyclonic finger of wind, rain and debris from the undersides of the clouds, *which*

would suck us up into eternity. These things just move over the land, indiscriminately, when it's storming. But, as people, our prime directive, no matter what, is how we have to remember, never, ever to threaten another human being... *or face the travails of incarceration.* In fact, the central thrust, of our most common belief system, is '**Harm none. Other than that, you can do what you want.**' Doesn't this seem to be a relaxed approach? *Then, how do so many suicides happen, in our culture?* Just what is so intense, in our living on Earth? Well, you don't have to think, too much, to see how the stakes get

high. People are highly suspicious, of anyone in transformative state... *this isn't just adolescents, but many, many expressive artists often are tasked with self invention, or re invention.* People have to start out, and establish themselves. In many cases, the challenges, are just too great, and cannot be overcome. *For instance, the youth never planned upon becoming addicted to nicotine, and so, there's where all the money goes. And, alcohol is worse, and these drinking sessions are very costly, financially, as well as health wise. When alcohol is consumed, it's as if we give the Devil a blank check,*

and say, 'Here. Go have fun at my expense.' To say that things go wrong, is an understatement. At any rate, various ideas have occurred to myself, recently. For instance, **'Self knowing, is a hugely serious business.'** I think, that, special people, as many are, who are following an 'inner directive,' and who are upon the work of their own life's course, *ask mainly to be allowed the Liberty to do their life's calling... and to be left alone, and to not be threatened... and this standard is upheld, in most all cases.* So, if you think about it, our free spirits are a part of our society... so, we all should learn to **'live, and let**

live.' 'To each his own.' 'Know thyself.'

and, **'To thine own self be true.'** We should be proud, of our just, democratic liberties, in our culture... most people haven't ever considered, how bad it would be living in a communist country, or under a totalitarian ruler. Expressive arts, here would be essentially pointless, as the governments' will comes down, if you step out of line. So, your art would have, by default, to stay in the line, and, in keeping with the policies of the government. But, for the most part, I've made a career of staying close to home... *trauma taught me never to stray far... my needs are so seen*

unto. But people in the world have to think about survival, and so, they take chances, and gamble. *This, is where the odds can get long.* At any rate, I sit here, trying to get this writing presentable. This involves *'toning down' the animalistic,* and introducing real thoughtful ness. The retro fitting, this walking back, from the edgy perspective, is as much a part of the process, as is the *'thought jazz,'* itself... you'll want to allow plenty of time for them both. In case you were wondering, I think it's true, at least in my life, that one has to plan carefully, and closely guard against those ones who try and ensnare you in any

self injurious behavior, as these will show up plainly. At any rate, if you felt a thing, wouldn't you say it? But, you can't just take anyone's word for it... you should only trust your licensed councilor. So, there it is. I hope you have a good week ahead. I'll pass this writing along your way now.

Greg.

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When one wishes to get in touch with that which is '*beneath the surfaces,*' of his or

her consciousness, then, he can just sit with a blank notebook page in front of him, and just see what kinds of ideas, are about.

After a traumatizing event, a writer might look inwardly, and assess his feelings.

This can be something so important as

'working through,' an un welcome happenstance, to, in effect, quantify his or her recovery. In separating truth from false

hood, this can be very useful... *as in determining, what is worth worrying about, and what isn't.* One will quickly see, how

'one needn't accept deception,' is a spiritualist touch stone, and, that, this way, he or she will be properly equipped, for

moving along into the future... which is the
main idea... not ever allowing anything
false, or half true... or any miss
assumptions... to ensnare, or enn tangle his
consciousness. *Like the miss assumption
that, our self responsibility extends out into
the world... that I'm somehow responsible
for something or someone who I have no
control over, whatsoever. Which would be
poor mental hi jean.* At any rate, you
should see, easily, there won't ever be any
confusion, or disagreement so bad, or
profound, that you can't diss entangle
yourself from unknowing, and walk away,
easily telling right from wrong. This first

paragraph, of this writing sure wanted to come out... so I can easily see, that those ideas might be right, but animals, too, will 'click into place,' like machine parts... same as human. This is sort of subjective... *but, at any rate, it always helps to remember, never to intentionally propagate diss information. Others don't, so you don't.* Maybe the only really safe position, is in ones' realization, that, **'I myself am not physically hurt, by what had appeared to transpire in the larger world... I'm completely unscathed!'** This is like the 'rock paper scissors' thing and works to entirely diss spell any un necessary trouble.

So, sometimes, this will be the only kind of solid truth... *'I'm okay, you're okay!'* And, then one gets back to his or her usual order of business. As I sit out here, in this small shed, with my word processor on my lap, on this partly sunny day in September, I think about the summer months, and consider how grateful we were to finally get past last winter... *I'm taking this temperate, mild weather, we're having now for granted.* In two months, we'll probably be in a rainy, cold climate... the planet's axial tilting, back away from the sun, each northern winter, is such a profound climate change! *Who could ever forget such a*

contrast! Well, I seem to have gotten past the first opening few paragraphs, of this new book... I am grateful, and glad to be along down my page. ***One's 'nature relationship,' I believe is a very personal thing.*** Living has shown myself, how too often, people miss manage their personal nature relationship, *especially when our lives are seen in the light of our societies' inequities, in a broader sense, with the natural environment, and resources.* At any rate, I have seen so many people, who lose sight of the genuine, sincere caring relationship, which our natural world, around our homes and offices, would

otherwise develop, into a richer, more full,
more meaningful shared experience. These
will be the poor souls, who have turned
their backs on the natural world... and,
whose vast consumption rules out the
possibility of a genuinely meaningful time.
And, everyone has been through this... for
instance, when we make a big purchase,
like that of a new house, or a new car...
this, I can see, could be when the person
might have to get by on his or her wits, as
the richness, of a familiar, trusted
relationship gets top see tur vee for a
while. This might be when, we must
establish new bonds, and forge new ties.

Just be careful, with your own nature relationship, and remember that this genuine, blissful, playful time, is in no way 'guaranteed.' We must return, I feel, every day, and draw nearer, with every step. Some people even go so far, as to speak of a *Natural Religion*, with local Mother Nature being something akin unto the 'Supreme Being,' or the Almighty, himself. *I myself think, however, mostly, that a God fit for worship, will walk on two feet, and have ten fingers, opposable thumbs, and ten toes... and a large thinking brain, and cranium.* So see? But make no mistake, an 'act of God,' like a terrible a weather event,

can, and has changed many poor peoples' plans... but, you have to remember, we among all other animals have the ability to see across time, and envision, and project, so as to prepare. 'Disaster prevention, will always be disaster preparedness.' Any ways, all for now, Greg.

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Sitting down, to try some thought jazz, this morning, I'm thinking of the lively banter on my room mate's radio... I tell myself,

"Carrying on a conversation" for a salary. I guess, my observation is, our reactions are in the usual ranges this morning... and, I appreciate this stable , balanced voice of mine, too... *after all, "How else does one know, what one would say, in such and such a situation, without hearing, or seeing ones own voice... its rhythms, and phrasing.* The nice thing, is that I do indeed have this writing art form. *I can definitely remember, how reassuring and comforting it was, seeing the constancy of my writers voice, back starting out writing, in year two thousand.* I remember saying, then, how, 'Despite my daily ups and

downs, despite my transient, ever changing emotions, *my writers voice, is a constant.*'

Recollecting this, is good... it must be that I'm dealing with a bit of anxiety, lately, and seeing, or hearing my own writers' voice, and its sensibility, and composure, *reminds me of my good, intact basic sanity.* There's

just something very re assuring about writing, like this, in this spirit conscious way... *something like being gently spoken to by a trusted grand mother.* At any rate, if you feel good, then you can do good. As

a 'self help' writer, there's a vast range of topics, and directions which one may speak of... and, this will be something like

'poeisis,' creating talking from nothing. As

I've found many times before, 'One's nay sayers yet may seek to encroach.' This is a part of being a writer. The goal, in my view, is to solve the puzzles, life gives us...

and make sure we don't '*step on any dancing partners toes,*' or '*tread on any ones' flower garden.*' This, I can see, is the

source, or cause, most likely, of any negative, doubting voices... I call them nay

sayers, and they begin to have sway, as a new development meets resistance, and

opposition. *Ordinarily, there's no semblance of 'nay sayers,'* I think it's just mainly in 'starting out,' beginning a new

project... and especially in light of
traumatizing events in the greater world.
*But, we won't be about that... and I move
along down my page.* Well, as I sit here,
this morning, on this bed, this cloudy first
week in September, I'm not in any pain...

and, while I myself sometimes have
weather worries, it's reassuring to realize,
how, *'Things appear to be in the usual
ranges, so my belief in the time, is good.'*

Other than these thoughts, in starting a new
essay, this morning, there's nothing special
on my mind. At any rate, the music in my

head phones sounds good, and, I'm in no
physical pain, whatsoever. As I sit here, our

outdoor weather is beautiful... perfect sunny afternoon... we'll have a bite to eat, in thirty minutes. I'm thinking over ideas, for writing... and listening to a song bird, outside my window. *(Something, maybe about the time it takes... to get to the cool, blessed night... as the afternoon sun is hot.)* But, at any rate, that's subjective. If I am ready to believe in our vintage media recordings, I can approach, and appreciate twentieth century history reporting, for myself. *This will give one a realistic view, of the challenges of that time.* Maybe, these modern times are more peaceful... as indeed, there isn't the same kind of

genocide happening today. You should learn about that history. (World war one and two history, for instance.) *Or you'll never know, about how the Nazis just thought Europe was a push over, (They didn't realize that superstition, is a natural by product of classic literature. They acted on that superstition, and that was self destructive, and was their unnn doing,) and what America, and the Allies felt obliged to do.* Today, maybe it seems that, some of the young people aren't connecting well with the old. *Kids play role playing video games, possibly learning to make their own game company!* (But, Maybe Aquarius

isn't relating well, with Pie cees.) Maybe we should teach kids Sun Tzus *'The art of Strategy,'* or, Zigg Zeigler, (*goal accomplishing... meeting goals,*) or Norman Vincent Peale... *'The Power of Positive Thinking,'* because, there are *'principalities and powers'* which I know, are vying for the hearts and minds of American kids. How can we teach good mental hi jean? If kids have dreams instilled, through good reading, won't they try to earn those ambitions? *For instance, earning a decent living, will keep you out of the mental health care system.* You'll eventually grow in status, and abilities, and

you'll just accomplish those goals... My Dad taught me to avoid sloth... I stayed on my job attendance, and my creative work...

I liked the rewards of accomplishing creative goals in my spare time, outside of work. So I had to earn money to afford creative tools... like a good tape deck, or a good sketch book. I gradually built my portfolio. But I spent most of my hard earned money on transient, fleeting things... fast food, and intoxicants. *Then went back to work Monday morning... usually somewhat recovering from alcohol poisoning! **This is why I had troubles, with myself.*** Kids should learn to be smart,

or life itself will overwhelm them... their civil rights might be given over to the mental health care system. They'll miss a lot, of what life has to offer... if they don't want to be strategic, and play the game!

Well, these have been some thoughts. As I sit, to write a few thoughts, this morning, I am thinking of the ways of how, a writing might have a somewhat troubled beginning, yet appear to come together, and make good sense, later on. *So, just because the beginning times are chaotic, doesn't mean that the whole thing is lost.* As you get along, into the writing, you'll begin to feel your 'momentum,' growing, and giving unto

the piece an enthusiasm of its own. This will be enough to put yourself 'over the hump.' You'll then be able to gradually bring the piece unto completion, and, the work is done. Sometimes, though, a writer will feel as if he's in a time of loneliness. *But, this will be when, he's actually being carried, by the Angels.* For, God sees inside, and knows, how sometimes I struggle on the inside, and, how, sometimes it's our better half, who too often gives in to bitter negativity... and then, I turn right around, and place blame upon my own self. *I have to not only continue showing myself forgiveness, but remember to show others*

forgiveness, and mercy, too. Here's a pretty good saying... we should remember, most of the time, when, we percieve a thing as 'bad,' or 'negative,' well, we want to be *'tolerant in the face of that evil...'* for most likely, it's just a problem in the way we see... wrongly interpreting others playfulness, in paranoid fashion, toward ourselves. *'Lord, help me see what is really there... and not what my 'wounded hero,' tends to want to see. It's others, really, who I pray can find sufficient forgiveness to show towards me!'* Well, these are some thoughts, this sunny morning in mid September. I sit, again, out

here in this shed, with the brilliant sunlight
shining in through the open door, nearly
blinding me, every time I glance at the pail
blue sky, and the suns glare on the white
gravel rocks. My hopes, are that I can
annotate, and quantify my recovery, from
'stinking thinking,' *by learning to see first,*
the good intentions of others, and
remembering, never to listen to that Devil,
saying 'so and so is trying to make me
mad...' interpreting innocence as bad
intentions. At any rate, I hope through this
writing, my reader will see how,
experiencing meaningful change, on the
emotional, Deveachaic plaine, sometimes

requires us to acknowledge the most common pit falls, of that realm of feelings... and teach ourselves to avoid excessive criticism of others... who, really are just 'shooting the bull,' and enjoying the meeting time... and not in any way, 'after me.' *Because that's just the ordinary 'plaine of the emotions,' and the kinds of 'double talk,' or 'double speak,' which is common therin... within.* Because this place sometimes gets sick... 'bi polar,' symptoms, which we're all familiar with, are a part of life... as depression takes hold... up becomes down, black becomes white, and left becomes right. We should

plan for these kinds of symptoms, and know how to recognise them. When you feel this type of pain, you might try removing yourself, from the center of ongoing, back to your home court area, *where you can get a better grip on your emotions.* The act of smiling, itself, can bring positive improvements to your moods, and emotions. So, try to see the good. Because, the 'wounded hero,' tends to interpret everything as 'untowards' Including others' playfulness. After all, he's wounded. Well, at any rate. This twenty first century sometimes comes through loud and clear, as the most popular

antidotes are given through one's own writing. One remembers gratitude, mostly from within his inner writer's voice... which usually remains constant, even through the arduous emotions of the day.

Writing just takes gumption, and momentum builds, as one stays focused. At

any rate, I sit here, this sunny, hot September afternoon, and peer just beneath the surfaces of this moment... first one line of thought, and then another, *something much like one might would the layers of an onion... moving inward, unto the heart of the thing*. As we have finished our lunch, and cleaned up the kitchen, we're enjoying

this much needed lull, and I, after a quick
nicotine break, head right for my word
processor, and jot down the first few
thoughts, which come to mind. I'll wish,
sometimes, to try and make sense, of a
time, by articulating my best thoughts...
right now. This usually involves reaching,
and grasping for the diaphanous filaments
of thought which are hanging out in empty
space, around my person. I've spoken
before of the musician stereo types, which
some times swirl about my person, during
precipitous times... *during times of change,
when insight into the time is so limited.*

But, at the moment, these thoughts, which I

can just grasp, appear to be so ready to form some real conclusions, about things, in general... *this South eastern American time of ours*. I can definitely see, how our lands, here are just so ready to put our sort of *existential crisis* behind us. It looks like, according to the latest figures, that the Covid nineteen virus is still the third leading cause of mortality, after heart disease and cancer. *Covid nineteen claims one third as many people as heart disease... cancer claims two thirds as many, as heart disease*. Next in the list, are accidents, and other un intentional deaths. My imagined thoughts, about suicide, for

instance, are far worse than what the facts tell. Same with homicide... *I'm afraid that our crazy news reporting, fake news, and all, has given myself somewhat of a wrong, or distorted view, of these two types of thing.* We, of course, fear far worse, than what we actually see, statistically speaking. If you don't believe me, then look it up for yourself. This information isn't at all a secret. *Well, now, that I've dealt with my 'false fears,' I can really see our present contemporary time, much much better.* You should have seen, for instance, how, loving anything, maybe 'too much,' as I know, I do, well, the proverbial 'love boat,'

eventually sinks so low in the water, that crossing much of any distance, *as in the distances separating old age, from youth, for instance*, becomes truly difficult.

Hence, the popular song! Well, but, at any rate. I hope my reader can see, we'll always try our best to make and keep good connections, with our peers. It's just that, 'who needs social media, when one's mind, and imagination, are just so vivid, and like real.' Well, these are some ideas, this good

afternoon. At any rate, in the art of writing, I have found, that there are many practical guidelines, which I might offer...

such as the antiquated wisdom, 'If

something doesn't come as easily as leaves on a tree, in spring, then it had probably better not come at all.' *I like this one.*

Many people, might truly be trying, to write their piece... *but, this can be so very frustrating, as wrong turns, and dead end alley ways, for some, are the norm.* My advice, is to 'locate, and develop the relationship with your trusted familiar.'

Using common sense, as your guide, anyone can see how, the energies of two, are altogether different from the energies of one, alone. Can you imagine, anything more wonder ous, than being lead through a course of writing, and producing a book,

by a 'higher ascended being?' I've been shown, how, the kind of 'neutral stepping,' along ones way, and 'not stepping upon any dance partners slippers,' or '*treading upon any ones' gardening,*' which the successful writer does employ, is a very crucial, and valuable ability. I just can't state this enough. At any rate, while this is so true, if the downward pressing and weight of atmospheric pressure, upon your person, is so great, or intense... then, well, one had better make darn good sure, and well, that he or she isn't un intentionally causing grief, despite himself. *Having said this, it seems, to me, that ones' going, or staying,*

in writing, might hinge somewhat upon his or her general good standing, within such family tree. When we can employ etheric eyesight this enables us to remain very closely attuned. *You'll never stray far at all, when your belief and faith in yourself is intact.* At any rate, the afternoon heat is intense, today. Those which have to be out in it, would have to set limits, on how long you can be out... *this late summer heat is so very intense.* Well, my senses seem to be telling me, to put this phone back on the hook, for a while. At least, until my ideas are stronger. All for now, Greg.

~

A note to my reader:

The '*holographic mind sphere*,' is the zone, in the adult imagination, where we are able to run virtual simulations, of real world relationships, in order to stay informed of just 'what I do believe,' in the now. This internal weighing, and comparing, and seeing all of the angles, of each perspective, is very important, for a writer, this is true. We can learn the ways of

inference ing, and of making inductions,
and deductions... logically arriving upon an
accurate picture of the world. *But, on the
other hand, we can't tell much of anything
quantitative, about the internal degree, or
quanta, of the minds of other people, else
where on the Earth.* So, our 'sigh kick
faculty,' consists mostly in and of the
running of comparative analysis, as in this
writing, feeling your way around a
darkened room, to learn of the day core, of
the world... *not at all, in peering into other
peoples' sub conscious minds, voy your is
tick ly.* Many people say, 'To find yourself,
simply consult the wild nature.' I think,

this is mainly centered around the somewhat separate, and un explored ways of the ordinary nature, just outside your door. *You don't know what you might find there.* Another way of expressing this, is as in, *'Nature is a second opinion.'* Any time we take our human worries, and troubles into the wild nature, even if it is only in our back yards, we find a somewhat unbiased, fresh perspective... *readily helping us, see our selves in a whole new light.*

Discovering the animal culture, in one's back yard, is such an eye opening experience. You have such a wide variety of personalities, and characters... at the

very least, a society. At any rate, I guess, from day to day, these are the main areas of study in my life, today. *The internet, and its reading rooms, are somewhat secondary.* So see? Standing upright in our human culture doesn't really necessitate having an internet connection... being grounded, and stable, are inner concerns... the internet is secondary, and should be taken sparingly. *Well, just some thoughts.*

All for now, Greg.

~

IN SITTING DOWN, TO BEGIN THIS new audio book, part two, this morning, I feel such gratitude, at the many ways I've found careful guidance, through my years. *Just right now, I'm relieved, and grateful, that I know how to make healthy food choices, for instance.* From my years as a toddler, my parents fed me right... whole grain bread products, and no sugar, were my Mom's main criteria, for most meals.

The only time I had sweets, was at holidays, and birthdays. At any rate, I tell my reader this, *because not everyone, is this fortunate.* Many, including myself,

like sugar in my tea. But, the average health care consumer would subsist on sugar, if allowed to, and would probably be diabetic, from that. *This is the sad truth.*

But, I'm glad that I'm able to be a good example, of the right way. At any rate. I myself, am shy and reserved. I don't say much from day to day... verbal negativity, is not anything you'll get from me. *If I don't have anything nice to say, I don't say anything at all.* Emotions, however, almost always come hand in hand with thoughts. This is a part of being human... mankind has dealt with this inner reality since we broke from the animals. *There's nothing*

anyone can do about it. And, people will make you mad... rarely ever is there a day, when no one makes me mad. And emotions, come hand in hand with thoughts. There's a six point checklist, which covers the ways, of how strong emotions, progress incrementally, and if not dealt with, can lead to not just stinking thinking, but bitter, angry feelings, feeling like a need to 'get back at someone,' when you can't do that, of course... even developing wrong beliefs... when emotions aren't dealt with. *This can give anyone a bad attitude problem, and in some cases, can lead to bad behavior.* So, you can see

how, plain old feelings of anger, and resentment, can, *if not dealt with, lead incrementally, even to bad behavior.* These will be the worst cases: constantly getting into disagreements... does this sound familiar? Physical altercations, are something completely different. You don't want to be that way... you would go to jail, right away, for fighting, or reacting physically to others' behavior. *Making verbal threats, is just as bad.* Don't threaten others, or you'll be threatened in return... this is a good rule of thumb. At any rate, where people live together, in poverty, you will have occasional diss

agreements... you will have conflicting emotions, more often... *such as resentment, or anger, or bitter feelings, and sarcastic thoughts...* and it can be a real life saver, to have a talent, or hobby such as playing a musical instrument, or sketching, or painting, or journal ing... *because strong emotions can always be dealt with artistically...* and working your feelings out on paper can help anyone. There will be things I don't like, in group, and communal living. *People age, and so, decay and death affects everyone presently living... no exceptions.* Youth, and wisdom are two of the most sought after things. I've thought

of other precious things, including security, and richness of intellect, and nobility of spirit. Knowing an ability, such as typing, can put one so ahead. And, right now, the emotions, of getting older, *and the coming of another winter*, are ripping and tearing at myself... I feel as if I'm being chewed on by rats, and this is so frustrating... so, make no mistake, I'm not in the best mood right now. *I feel like an emotional cripple, who can't keep the Devil down.* At any rate, I tell myself, 'This is unfortunately how life is, right now.' Well, I just had to share these thoughts, as I can tell, by getting these things to the surface, and sharing

feelings like this, well... my reader is bound to follow me, in my sharing these thoughts... *for this is life on Earth*. So, I'm trying to think about something better, like 'the art of writing,' or 'impressions of a sunny day, in the nature.' And, I forgot to mention, its a sunny day? At any rate.

These are a few thoughts. *Most of the people I went to school with, are happy and successful... a group of survivors, if there ever was*. Myself, trying to keep on keeping on. And that's me, because I've seen far worse times, personally. I used to have bad feelings, even agitation, and restlessness so bad... *it was permanent, for*

five years. Then, God's judgment was reversed, like, *un shackled*. So, while there are heavy concerns, in the modern world... The internet has made sure that everyone, I mean everyone, knows what those concerns are. 'And if your faith and belief in yourself is good, then you can do good.' But, if you overstep, verbally, you could be called a threat. So it's a fine line to walk, for practically everyone. If you don't watch the evening news, you might miss what is on your land's conscience... that might put you out of step, at the next breakfast... *that might be a good example of rose colored glasses?* But, matters of the conscience are

many people's stock and trade... pastors and parents, and school teachers, for instance. So I would want to look at the major networks news, rather than a feed type, based on my interests, because I want, or need to know 'what's on my nation's conscience.' Just some thoughts.

You would want others reading your essays, wouldn't you? So these things are in my mind. I like reading inklings of the paranormal, so I include them in my writing. *This is what reaches some people! (Only through the trusted familiar, and, only at the pace of the expanding space, over time.)* At any rate, just some thoughts.

All for now, Greg.

~

As I sit here, upon this couch, and type these words into this word processor, the morning sun light is streaming in through the front window drapery... filling the room with a suffuse glow... and sending my mind back in time, to the reveries of childhood. I was glad to get the first part of this audio book finished, and squared away... I've been impressed with how well it's done in

the rankings, and I consider it good... *the artwork sure helped it take off.* We, now are trying to get along into the first part of this new Autumn. Our temperatures, today, should be up into the low eighties, and I hope to get plenty of good time outdoors. *The more I sit and dwell upon a thing, the larger, and more bothersome it seems to become.* But there's nothing quite like the creating and building of new artistic media... I'm usually at my best, when I'm busy... more or less completely engaged in realizing an artistic goal. And, now, with good goals behind me, I'm contentedly resting, a sort of halcyon time, of relative

quietude... and inwardly thanking my stars, for bringing me through the gauntlet of last week, *back out into the greener pastures, of a restful weekend.* If you try, you can accomplish meaningful goals... any such creation seems to stand for, and epitomize the time, and day, for yourself. Well, I am sitting in the back yard, and feeling the cool breezes. Upon the weeds growing around the pasture fence in front of me, I am watching four small orange butterflies, and a blue bird. We've had a lot of butterflies this year. But, although we've only seen a few grass hoppers, around the gravel smoking area, we hear them every

night, along with the frogs, and cicadas. At

any rate, we here are resting, in the late afternoon coolness, of our interior personal time, before supper. It's the next day, and I'm impressed with how quickly this rainy weather has developed. I'll have to dry my clothes in the drying machine. Well, this morning, I'm thinking about the poor people in Puerto Rico, who have water damage, and no electric power.

Supposedly, it may require weeks to restore power. *I know, that this must be where my heart is, now... down there with those people, as nearly half of the islands' residents, are without power. Many*

hospitals and multi story businesses, and apartments have a generator, *but can only use it for part of each day, as fuel is very limited.* So, these are very hard times, for those people. We here, in general, do best when we can keep our minds on the good things, such as our communal meals, television viewing, and other recreational activities, like bingo, and card games like Uno. We each have specific chores, in the morning, and throughout the day. But, in general, we here aren't experiencing any hard ship right now. We have a few seniors, with some concerns of aging, but every resident is healthy. So, at any rate.

Some times, when I'm not thinking right, I get myself unto my notebook, and ball point pen, or my word processor, like I am doing now. I seem to have to try and find balance, between mental or cognitive symptoms, and good, well intention ed essay style writing... *somewhere in among these things, and in light of the greater worlds' problems, I tell myself, is a good new written article.* Life, for myself, this morning, is a matter of finding the good, in the time. What ever life throws at us, we always return unto these simple times, 'in the garden,' is where I myself find more peace, and rest than I can say. I have little

flashes of remembering, back unto idyllic times, in the past... sometimes these flashes seem to say, *'Enjoy these times, because as the future may show, they might not come again.'* With global insecurities running a little high, right now, I have to remind myself, 'There's nothing new under the Sun... we'll always use the models and lessons acquired in the past to guide us through any future unfold means.' ***You just want to understand, how there can't ever be a third world war... so, no matter what we'll know better than to ever come unto that kind of large conflict... it will have to stay small.*** Much more likely, any

one place in Earth has only a small chance of having to deal with destructive weather phenomena, or an earthquake. If you want

to know what children think about, then just stop in for an evening at our house...

for we have some simple ways. Well, it's

very well, and good, that we have weekends two days out of every seven...

for this rest is needed each week, to properly approach a new work week. And

today is Sunday, and I'm sitting out in this little wood and metal shack, and slowly, but surely writing this article. I have often

heard how, '*Laughter is the best medicine.*' This must be the reason I keep

having to deal with depression and moodiness, because I'm having trouble finding real comic relief... my mind is simply dwelling too much upon this old worlds' troubles... as if I, alone, am tasked with solving them. *When, maybe I could solve more problems, by helping people laugh at themselves, and at others.* (Our oh vert seriousness, for instance!) Well, just some thoughts. I'll send this writing along your way, now. Greg.

~

In sitting down to sort my thoughts out, again, this afternoon, I'm finding that I'm experiencing a kind of *hyper cortical bewilderment*. There, however, is a good sense of concentration, and capability within my heart. 'It's what's on the inside that matters,' *not the cloudiness of the third eye, which is just trying to calm down*, and get back to praying for those affected by weather. *My mind gets darkened too easily, these days... as there are always doubts... even here.* Weather catastrophes in my part of the world cast such a gloom... especially when the power is out in the heat

of the summer, *when you know, time is the only thing which can bring the happiness back.* That explains the heaviness which seems to be hanging out around my mind. Oh, it is such a drastic change, to move my writing from inside, sitting on my bed, staring at my roommate, to outside, in the complete privacy of this natural outdoors. In the late afternoon, it's just about like, *stepping into Nirvana.* And, I here upon can see, and feel, that it's really not that hot, this evening... as the blazing sun is vanishing below the horizon. Not bad, I tell myself. The Autumn of the year, is really apparent, right now... *only,*

unfortunately Fall is also hurricane season in the Atlantic Ocean, and the Gulf of Mexico. My region's tornado worries are mainly in the Spring of the year... so that's behind us, I guess. Oh, the last rays of the day's sun are shining from the north west horizon through a gap in the trees, casting low across the adjoining pasture, *in a long, golden streak, of tall weeds, and bushes...* but, night readily consumes this scene. The grasses on this side of the fence are neatly trimmed, and will soon be partly illumined by the outdoor halogen lamp, above our sitting area. I love my juke box, and the variety of musics I've acquired through the

years... *but it's mainly the non tempo instrumental music which complements my creative process.* There's an old concept, of 'work song,' which I feel I compose best unto. It's different for everyone, of course, but for me, *it's the purely improvisational, and non tempo music which I like, so much.*

At any rate, if you're reading this article, then it's a given, you've got at least some electrical power, and a working smart phone, tablet, or computer. Most of us just don't realize, how much of our ordinary lives are dependent upon our given utilities. (*Or, maybe we do... but haven't realized it yet.*) Water, and electricity, and,

an internet plan, are really what makes everything happen, in our modern lives. This is why, I think, one should try and invest in a small solar power panel, and battery power station. *These aren't too much, I tell myself.* Any way, just some thoughts. There's definitely a path, and a mystic light... in following the ways of the spirit... and the ways of the subtle neuro musculature, of the inner ether rick soul plaine. Finding one's inner way, can mean for yourself, a virtual end to bad migraines... as a small dancer, has certain moves, so you can really dee activate the numbing blurriness, of, really, your sense

of time perception... and re open the subtle energy centers, where some guys get hung up. And, while I'm not a licensed counsellor or, or therapist, I can see, that the spirit way can, eventually lead anyone homeward. Just so that you remember to remain open to guidance, from one's invisible better half, at all times. *'At least two thirds of the universe is invisible. The past, and the future for instance.'* What more conclusive does one require? *'To have an ancestral subtext, is to be able to predict future realms.'* (These two quotes came from the *Stream of Consciousness* writing sessions, back in year two thousand

through two thousand and two.) **Just remember the truly infinite good possibilities of every little moment.** Well, these have been some thoughts. I hope they have served you well. At any rate, if you want to know why some Paths seem to ask such greatness out of ourselves... just remember the possible ways, of how, free living, and free talking ways sometimes bend Biblical principles, *and therefore, creating this stress, one then, has to contend with myriad 'nay sayers...' and those, who might would, even, get in line just to cast judgment, on those of my kind... for speaking freely, of truly hidden matters.*

But, illumining the oh cult darkness, and mysteries are what Theosophy, I believe, is about. **So neither way, condones sinning.**

This has been an evening of writing, for myself. I can definitely appreciate, what it means to be praying 'without ceasing,' as sometimes, this is main recourse to 'the devil in the details.' (*troubles like synchronicity gaffees... and the uncanniness of unlucky observances. We know these two by heart, by now.*) But, in actuality, *more people are affected by heart disease, and cancer, and covid nineteen, than these unintentional miss happens.* At any rate, all for now. I'll send these thoughts along

your way, now. Greg.

~

I think I can see, this morning, my way
unto a very ordinary type of time, like
which would be experienced, today, for a
young person. The morning, today,
reminds myself, somewhat, of a Sunday
morning Bible class. You can find, the
husband and wife duo, who are leading the
class, for instance, might have a set lesson
plan... and, everyone is expected to pay

attention, and try to get something meaningful out of the class. The worlds' current events, are in the back drop, and occasionally, the teachers will draw a comparison, or teaching parable, from some scripture. *This helps the kids make sense of the grownup world, and understand it in a Godly fashion.* Well, any way, you can see, how I as a writer, am able to work with this time's unique latten cees, to draw the Sunday school comparison. The goals, in life, as I understand them, are not base, or sensual... *we're all trying to be good people and find meaning from the normal news, and daily*

order of business. You'll see, how, this is an ability much like school class leader. Sinful ways are shunned, *Godly ways are rewarded.* I think, you'll find, that most of this chapters' writing, is, for the most part, in the normal ranges... the types of close, interpersonal, person to person types of observations, and relationships, as which would come, ordinarily, in a group home type of living arrangement... much like a retirement or senior living home, *where the nature of it dictates that we know how to get along with one another, no matter what.* We're thrown in together in life with a certain peer group; *we have to make the*

best of things, and get along. Well, just some thoughts. There is a motto printed just inside the cover of New Age books, from a publishing company I like, which goes something like, 'A search for meaning, growth, and positive change.' When we're able to see past our petty differences, and the ordinary divisions, in our society, like male female, young and old... wealthy and poor... we'll see the good lessons in just every little thing. This way of thinking, will definitely serve as a kind of counter balance unto the, maybe, old fashioned ways of others. (For instance, your typing ability, makes inputting text easy... hence,

you'll be more inclined to jot down your thoughts, and look for meaningful lessons, from out of our living.) A big part of the world, today, are in grade school classes.

Others are full time students, being educated on a grant. Others are working, as in the service industry, for instance. (Our economy is a service economy. I think this includes nursing, and medicine, and lab work, and civil servants, of various types, *as well as those in the vast retail sector.*) Others are in the manufacturing sector, or milling, (paper mills, for instance.) or agriculture, or ranching. The remaining segments, are retired, or disabled, and

living on their Social Security insurance.

This is just a quick break down, of what others might be doing this morning. At any rate, just some thoughts. But, I think I wanted mainly to show, how, our world might be kind of scary, seen from the grown up perspective. But, children take this world for granted... It's in the back drop, of ordinary school classes, sports, and fraternity or sorority youth activities, and church activities. These lessons, are usually delivered by somewhat older people... so classes, and activities are often in parable fashion, or geared to impart a lesson, based at least partly, on the current

events, of the time. Kids are aware, of these current events... they pick up enough on... but, I don't think that they have the same kinds of fears, as the grown ups feel... you know, the real world responsibilities, of being an adult. Grown ups convey a lot, through their mannerisms, and the pauses they put into lessons... the affect, and emphasis they give, in presenting the material of their lesson plans, can go a long ways, toward making wise youngsters, who are well informed, as to the grown up worries, and troubles. *As a child, I was very idealistic... I never paid much attention, to the evils men were*

capable of... crimes, and offenses didn't concern me, much. I was more interested in the personalities of international politics... and such things as oil shortages, and embargo, famines, and plagues, and epidemics... as well as bad natural disasters... and, emerging technologies... these things were in my mind, as a child. As I remember, I loved animals, and my parents took our family to the Ringling Brothers circus more than once. I had to have one of the thick, glossy photography program books... I think it was twelve dollars... a big expense... but my Dad thought it would be a good keep sake. I

loved looking back at it, and remembering the man who worked with the tigers. I can still remember his name, Gunther, and what he looked liked. *At any rate, you can see the types of things, which are in my mind, this morning.* I hope this article serves somewhat to get this chapter, and this time 'over the hump,' as our mid week on goings are, usually tomorrow. As I sit out here in our back yard, in this sunny morning, there are breezes moving through all of the trees, making them sway gracefully, and reminding us of winters' approach. I myself have a heavy jacket with a hood on... it's quite cool. Well, in our days'

usual course of ongoing, it's nearly our snack time... *and, then, along into the day.*

Well, amid the daily clamor, and ongoing, when we can find a still place, within ourselves... and a presence, which is not obedient unto stigma, or prejudice... which sees past our self blaming, and self criticism... into the heart of the question, 'What can I alone do for the common good, now?' Rather than reacting passively unto the pressures, and peers, which would direct negative criticism, such presence, and path within *simply takes the reins, and directs the life, constructively, away from all resentment, and bitterness... indeed,*

calming the waters, and stilling the waves.

Well, all for now, I'll send this article along
your way, now. Have a good afternoon.

Greg.

~

As I sit, to write a few words, this morning,
I'm inwardly pondering, upon the concept,
of '*How can I make this chapter the best
read I can make it?*' Through starting
small, gradually allowing momentum, and
inertia to transform my abilities into

fullness, *how can I bring forth my best work?* This is the question, as I see it... finding workable answers is a growing...

and a growing out of stasis, and complacency. I myself may not have any tangible ideas, or solutions, in the now, but, *how can I spur them into existence?*

Sitting in a sunny spot, outside, I can easily tell, today is much cooler than yesterday was. Definitely time to get my winter clothes out. There seems to be a restless impatience in the mornings' getting started... I can't find 'the zone...' Writing is slow... an incremental 'machining,' or 'turning.' I can definitely imagine, how

'waiting in line,' feels... *'take a number, to talk to someone in a window, to file an insurance claim.'* It's the 'dreary' side, of having a disability... *making do with makeshift...* or of surviving a damaging storm... you know, *'life as a poor person.'*

'You can't always get what you want, but you can sometimes get what you need,' if you try, and have patience. But, it might not be sunny weather, in your zone... instead, you might get flooded out, or maybe, cold and drizzly... *And, it might not be your day... people might not be acting friendly. But, there's no other choice.* Or, having to spend time waiting in line at the

Health Department, to get your flu shots, or covid vaccine, and tuber culin skin test. Telling yourself, 'I don't want to, but I have to.' Maybe, this morning, I'm having flash backs, of my brush with cancer. *'It was real, but it was not real fun.'* One of the realities at play, presently, is the lack of electrical power, and clean water, in so many areas that have been affected by bad weather recently. Or, maybe, the first order of business, is in the clearing of fallen trees, and branches from roofs, and yards. Or worse, you're having to replace all or part of the roof of your house, and begin the process of repairing interior water

damage, where the storm surge washed up,
over your doorstep. *These troubles are
real... thousands of people are dealing with
them, this morning.* At any rate, I don't
think anyone's immune to this grief, on a
day like today. Anyways, by reminding
myself of a few of these realities, I'll keep
myself aware, and conscious... and
hopefully, dispel the fogginess, from my
mind. As I can easily see, from here, not
all writing of myself comes easily, or is
especially cheery and bright... you'll find
this, from time to time. *At any rate, I sit
and try to write, this morning.* To try and
allow some spontaneous, or jazzy thought

this afternoon, I remember the way of how,
getting into a writing session, can be so
much like a descending, down out of the
troubles, and worries of a day, into a warm
and comfortable sub terranian environment,
with friction, and tactile impinge ments
entirely forgotten... all is comfort, as
surface differences are entirely
relinquished... *one has blended completely
into the encompassing shadows, and there
is no further disagreement.* Sometimes, it
seems as if my spirit is cold and stoic, and
is simply counting my losses, and nursing
my wounds. It can be at this time that
writing can be especially hard, *and my*

*emotions may need the free expression,
which comes as you play a musical
instrument, or sketch free style. So, this is
definitely good, to have this expressive
ability... and to record my results. At any
rate, one always feels better, to get a few
songs recorded. These can go into an
album... you then have something extra
ordinary to show, for the time. So, the
creative life comes with perks, and
blessings like this. Well, these are just a
few of the ideas which I can see, from here,
if I try. But, these ideas haven't come
easily... it seems as if 'all of me,' is
engaged in the serious business, of storm*

recovery... writing, or philosophy is just a way down the list, in importance... but I can just see the general game plan, if I try.

And, sedentary paths are not what is needed, now... instead, people are needed who are able to bring trucks and equipment, and offer serious assistance, in the clean up effort, of the storm. (Florida isn't the only place affected by weather, just recently... Japan... there was a bad typhoon that affected them, and the damage done in Puerto Rico, last week, by hurricane Fiona, I think is really catastrophic... many of those people will be without electric power, or clean water

sources for a while, yet.) If you try, you can find some sense, out of a time like this.

But this isn't easy. All for now, Greg.

~

I think the most defining quality connecting all of my writing, is in the way that most of it is about the creative processes of its own coming into being. In other words, as I'm moving along down this page, I seem to acknowledge this flowing, and build into it a renewed self awareness.

Like, in how this line of thought is about its own genesis... having this kind of self mirroring, built into ones processes, I can see, or look, upon my own self... the way that my moods arise, or descend... depending, partly upon word choice selection, and the ways they flow, and are perceived, on the page, with the eyesight.

This is something like an 'inter penetrative' self aware writing style... which is so about its own coming into being, and the ideas that arise, along the way. In ones' self creation, he or she will try and acknowledge some of the encompassing environmental factors, and the larger on

goings in the why derr world beyond. This includes local, state, regional, national, and world. *But, did you know, that our lives also depend upon the local planetary outer space, and the even wider solar system, and solar environment?* A solar outburst could be damaging here upon Earth, if it overpowered our protective ionosphere, and magnetosphere... and a stray asteroid is thought to have been catastrophic, at numerous times in Earths geologic history, in the past. At any rate, as I sit inputting into this keypad, the morning sun has just arisen above the tree tops, *and my whole self is bathed in luminous warmth, and inn*

vigoration spreads from my eyes, right down into my seat, and legs. This is the best part of any new day, I tell myself, this sunn bathing, and soaking in the warmth.

Too much sunn, though, can kill...

wrinkles, and skin disease like cancer usually happen, when people spend lots of time outdoors. At any rate, as I sit writing, this sunny morning, the music in my head phones sounds just about right, *so, no immediate concerns with diss pleasure, or boredom;* this suggests that our future, here, is one of normalcy, and ordinary ongoing. At any rate, this is a kind of 'self check,' which I've done throughout my

writing, for years. *When ones' normal veneer is looked beneath, it is also clear that our peaceful needs, such as secure borders, and secure national air space, are indeed always something to be very concerned about.* There are a few scenarios, I'm guessing, that could spell trouble for global peace... one or two, even for our national peace... and this is probably the source of the worry. *I'll always remember this time, there is just such stress, and tensions, in the international politics.* Until the main worry area clears, so to speak, we're likely to have stress. At any rate, there will be

one nation, among all of the world, which has a warring agenda... and this tends to keep everyone else on the edge of their seats, for the duration.. In the years following the millennial troubles, we ourselves were somewhat of a warring nation, ourselves. And, I tell myself, also, how if one of our American states were to secede from our union, and 'break away,' well, our leaders might would tolerate this separatist region for a while, but time might would arise, when our government would want to retake that province, or state, to restore the original national boundaries... *and, this is the sort of*

predicament, at hand. Only that nation, has been very bloody, in retaking that break away state... almost like they've got genocidal agendas. *Hence, the comparison to Nazism, in their armies' extreme brutality.* But, by the same token, many people diss agreed, for instance, in our military foreign presence, in Iraq, for instance... when, we basically took the entire country, set up a provisional leadership, hanged the former leader, *and, some say our military presence there made the region worse, and not better!* So, it's not like... we can't just sit back and blame another nation, for taking issue with a

break away state. The problem comes if that nation uses non conventional, or nuclear weaponry, to retake parts or all of the break away republic. Then the international situation would be so very much more thorny... there would be global tensions, of the sort the world has never seen, and never should have to see. *That nation's leader would be very infamous, from then on, and I mean, the world might want to put him on trial, somewhere up around the bend, for inflicting that sort of pain, on so many people.* So, like I said, it's a stressful time, and I am trying to illustrate, in my self therapy, the way the

world could possibly become transformed, into something somewhat scary, possibly for a while. But, nothing is forever, and as long as we avoided, or at least our selves resolved to avoid global conflagration, and the other nations, of the world, knew to not conflagrate, things would eventually get back to normalcy, for ourselves, and our nations vested interests. *So, but, maybe, this situation will not happen, and then, 'worries for nothing!'* Wouldn't that be nice? *So, I'm going to try and enjoy my coffee this morning, and make the best of this stuff.* My own spirit, isn't one to keep me in mute ignorance, or 'suspended

animation,' about world difficulties, and the realities we face, or might have to face... she tries to fill me, and my reader in, so that I will be 'in the know.' *But, this is only my own view...* a free, diverse, colorful nation of Liberty, such as our own, sponsors a whole lot of different, and differing opinions, at any given time, And, you're not alone, in your having thoughts, about this time we're living in, and these things. Well, in my self awareness, I seem to have come unto the conclusion, of these thoughts on this. I'm telling myself, that 'I'm grateful, dear Lord, that you've filled me in... as this tends to keep me 'in the

loop." But, I also tell myself, that being in the know, isn't really the ultimate goal, but also to try and find, and locate, daily, just exactly what are my nation's policies, on this issue, or any issue... at any rate, this, ultimately is more important, than my brain storming, *it's just that I'll try and 'Let myself know,' of these policies, and, if I truly am in harmony with my trusted familiar, then, I necessarily won't be far, off the mark.* This is because, I believe that Spirit, I think, tends to be broadly unified, on most matters, and, while these are my individual thoughts, on this, I'm at every step trying to stay in touch with this

unison. *So, this writing, is kind of a work out, for my 'Philosophy of Mind,' which is something, which most anyone, of mature age, should be able to find, and co robber rate, for themselves.* But, again, these are just my thoughts on the matter. So, peace to you, and yours, and Happy coming Holidays! At any rate, all for now, Greg.

~

Well, now it's the first week in October,

and I'm enjoying getting this chapter along... it's not twenty twenty three yet, *and that's completely all right...* this writing is just as important to me, as any others. It comes along, fortunately, to conclude this year, and to begin another... as I was given so much material, in just the first six months of this year... this new set of writings, covers the second six months, *and whatever writings might come along, into this coming spring.* Or, that's my plan, anyway. A writing program of any kind, definitely forms a thought full continuum, running through the seasons, *and standing for one's Earthly 'walk.'* When one sits to

write, this will most commonly be a kind of
'getting into step,' with his or her '*universal
background tapestry*,' attuning with
classical patterns, in an effort to allow only
the most honest and truthful ideas,
aesthetics, and styles onto your media.

Maybe you will have seen, how *this
usually isn't a shedding of light, from off of
ones self, but instead, a getting into
alignment with the light that is already
present, ubiquitously.* When one thinks,

'Hey, I've got some new ideas, here...
maybe I'm a minor genius!' well, *that's just
because he or she has 'gotten in step,'
with the idea framework, that was already*

there. At any rate, this is the best way to see the new, or the novel... as a 're interpretation,' for a contemporary reader, of what has always existed, *since before the records have been kept.* There is a 'layer,' or dimension of light, like a transparent overlay, which some people will come into consciousness of, at a point, *if it appears that they need this type of cognition, consciously...* But such isn't necessarily the way, for everyone. A person may do fine, for half of his or her life, without this consciousness. In my life, it was almost as if there was a 'before' spirit consciousness, and an 'after' this

consciousness. See, how, for instance, down at the nuanced recesses of one's peripheral consciousness is sometimes found a zone of gray noises, and shadows.

The person might not need to know of these types of 'dark hollows' for instance, to understand forces behind behavior he might come across... in himself and in others... hence, the need for this 'spatio spiritual' consciousness, and awareness.

'Do not walk in darkness, but instead come into consciousness of light.' And, this is just an example. If you have 'big thoughts,' for instance, then they might be for some larger audience. Good ideas, make the

world go around. **So, if you ask me, you should write them down, in journal form.**

This will let you go back later and revisit this present, and find the good that was there... from your own perspective, and vantage. Well, just a few thoughts. If you live for just a smile from your better half... then, you must be pretty contented. You then probably won't mind the things others say and do, for you are already happy, within your own. So your ways are so different from those of others... *you should really be very proud, to be of such noble spirit.* These words are of respect and admiration. At any rate, your writing is all

down within your own conversation... a place of peace, and togetherness. Don't squeeze you too hard, or push you like that... you might get verbal. So, you can easily hear the humankind ness between.

Well, now, Autumn is making itself felt, in our region, as our temperatures didn't make it past the middle seventies, today. Fall is certainly a different way of seeing, and feeling. Less swelter, more sweater. At any rate, I greatly enjoy writing in this little wood and metal shack, in back of our place. The door is open to the outdoor air, and sounds, and closed on three sides.

Writing, for myself, is like the best,

warmest, closest communion. It will be an attentiveness unto every nuance... only this great care, when given unto the notebook page. *You might won't haven't had better care, even in childhood's innocence.* It is a form of 'moving meditation,' which gets down unto the slightest new ance, in writing. And, there's so much quietude, in this communion... *surely our world is resting comfortably.* If only they all were. Well, this afternoon is getting along... *we cherish these days when we're all 'getting along,' as well.* I hope to finish this article, tonight, and put it with the others. Earth's tilting back away from the sunn, means our

Northern Hemisphere is getting colder, and each day, the sunn arks lower to the south, closer to the horizon. But only until mid winter, when northern Earth gradually begins to tilt back towards that source of radiant heat, and light. *But, our days get colder, through the middle of December, then it begins a warm up.* Well, you can easily see my thinking, because I've gotten it all down here, into this word processor keyboard. I hope your day has been as productive. I'll send this writing along your way, now. Greg.

~

For myself, growing up, out of my teen age adolescence, meant that I expanded my reading life. My interests began going into science fiction, and fantasy... and musically, I began seriously investigating, in other words, reading, classic rock and roll and blues records from the nine teen sixties. Music literature, of all kinds... books, magazines, records, and tapes fairly suddenly became my most sought after commodity. Taking in, and digesting these music records, and their attendant culture,

put me squarely in line, for a kind of
*'comprehensive dolphin adaptation
quotient,'* of my very own. *Unique
experiences, in inner exploration began,
gradually, to become my stock and trade.*

At the first, I wasn't even aware of these
happenings... they'd sneak up on me, and,
*like the frog in the pot of water on the
stove, I'd gradually find myself in hot
water.* There was, a kind of inner ground,
or sir reality, I found, which began to have
more and more sway in my daily life... and
I knew, that one day, given enough time,
and experience *I would be better able to
handle these many varieties of inner*

psychic experiences. And, truthfully. I eventually learned how to spot, and rise above these labyrinthine experiences, *by getting my subtle soul and mind etheric musculature into my meditations,* and kind of somewhat shimmying my way up my vertebral column, for instance, with these subtle neuro muscular abilities, which I gradually learned how to work... *and make usage of to work for me.* Today, I understand my soul, or subtle etheric persona to have various concentrations of neural connections... these are what I call centers, like the solar plexus, and the lateral peripheral eyesight, and the

shoulder and back muscle group, and the voice center... *and which can be kind of isometrically worked against one another, one with the other, to kind of push my worst migraines, on through and out of my life, as they come along at most every day in real life, almost no exceptions.* So, I guess, what I'm trying to say, is how, no matter how you approach the inner *Enigma...* through this interest, or some other hobby, or any type of reading life... *even just in collecting stamps...* I would offer, that given sufficient time and patience, and other needs being met, *anyone can eventually learn mastery over their own*

migraines, and come to peer deeply into this phenomenon. The inner Enigma isn't just one path, like being a music connoisseur... but instead tends to manifest, and become real in our human lives, in general, no matter the specific interest area... *as we give our time and attention unto it.* This is the Mystery at the heart of being human...

it seems to ask great innocence, and patience, and focus of ourselves... (in that order of significance... If you're deficient in one of these three abilities, you'll find much harder time, in approaching and solving this Enigma.) Well, just some ideas. Today is Monday, in mid October, *a*

*day which sometimes seems to balance
somewhere between summer and winter.*

Our wends have been blustery, for a week now, only a slight calming this morning, and so I made a good nature recording, and it didn't have much noise, of wend. I hope you can see, how, as a child, reading my Bible was an important facet of my daily life. But, as I begin to arise into my early old age, it truly appears that the treasures of antiquity, when seen through the lens of a writing path, of one's own, for instance, or musical, or craft path, *are truly found within, the human soul, and mind, and spirit.* But, if you're living with spiritual

pain, you might be distracted, *and your eyes occluded from seeing this subtle Mystery.* There's a Lao Zoo quote which goes something like, *'Fill the belly, toughen the bones, and then see the spiritual light in its true brilliance.'* The third, only after the first two. But, please keep in mind... You should pay attention to your paid professional doctor, or psychiatrist, or councilor... I'm not a licensed councilor, so my words don't carry that Authority, which a real Doctor's words do. *Well, all for now, I'll send this posting along your way now.* Greg.

~

SOMETIMES, A WRITER WILL HAVE SUCH strong ideas coming up into his or her consciousness, *that he will have to pick up his notebook, and pen, and write them down.* But, by the same token, many good writings are given, as if from an existential void, or vacuum... where thought only moves forward incrementally, or gradually, *or as in using jazz figures, and visualizations...* as well as in rhyming, or

alliteration... *or, as in an affirmation,*
which works for you... or else will come
only of an intense self examination... *and*
somewhat gropingly trying to articulate, or
come upon the particular concern. These
types of writings might be difficult, or slow
in developing. Moving along, a writer
might not feel good at the moment... there
might be cold, freezing rain drops dripping
down his nose, and into his shirt collar,
steep, rocky, difficult terrain, under foot.

But, then thoughts will become more
positive istic, as one's better half begins to
engage, in the cognitive sense. Then,
you're where you want to be... ***the medium***

istic familiar is in power, and you'll reach
for your pen and notebook, so as to
frantically get these thoughts down on
paper. At any rate, you should be able to
see, from this, how sometimes bringing a
piece of writing from concept to
completion, is a little like reduction...
walking back the animal... *but, it's also like*
poe ee sis... or, new development from
nothing... and this is usually hard, on the
writer. But using great patience
sometimes becomes more or less
important... more, as the time is more
difficult... *wars, or talk of wars, or*
conflagration are, of course hard,

*especially in light of traumatizing events,
closer to home. At any rate, stress oars
seem sometimes very real, (although they
are mainly imaginal... or, as in letting
yourself get mad at ghosts,) and often
appear to cross over into relationships,
entirely without asking permission, first.*

At any rate, I've seen better times... *I've
seen worse times, too.* Reminds me of the
sorts of struggles, which sometimes come
ahead of bad weather, like as which we've
seen before. As I sit, looking at some
nature videos, this morning, I'm
remembering the day's weather... sunny and
hot... nearly getting up to eighty, today...

but starting in the first of this coming week, our temperatures are expected to drop. We'll have highs not out of the fifties... *then, and with Hallow's Eve, winter will be just ahead.* At any rate.

What I have found, is that what we do, or try to do, in meditations, or mediations, is to look at the 'subtle musculature of the soul,' *and seeing that nuanced control, as being like a mechanism, such as a pace maker, or other implanted orthopedic,* which only works in conjunction, and in harmony with your heart, and other internal systems, in keeping your mind, body, and spirit in balance... *the etheric visualization*

only moving the migraine along, and through, and out. Tell us, Lord in your Heaven, 'Who is it which decides all the choices, on who is to be loved?' 'In what way?' And, 'How much?' *This is one of the most prescient questions ever postulated in Western literature.* At any rate, wars and talk of wars have worked so much difficulty, upon my consciousness...

at the end of each day, I'm usually quite exhausted. So, it's not hard falling asleep, in most instances. Life in a group home is like being in a family... The manager is the mother, and as such makes it work... but, we're all adults, so it's something like a

professional family... isn't that kind of like
a reality television show? *But, what I
myself always try to avoid, will be the
difficult natures of God...* so, I'll usually
get myself on past the stagnant setting, or
situation, unless I have something very
specific I wish to say... like, "Don't I look
nice today?" I think there are many things
to think about, and I've for years, chosen to
make good usage of my talents, and
acquired abilities... and not squander this
time. *(But, some people will do well, in
stasis, or complacency, and, will also be
purpose driven, in trying to make sense of
things, in general,)* So, but by exhibiting

only these true forms and paths, I'll always try and be a good example, of this way. *At any rate, all for now.* I'll pass this article along your way now. Greg.

~

When one wishes to peer beneath the surfaces, of his or her consciousness... he can start a simple flowing of language symbols, onto his page... *this can, in effect, coax thought forth.* You may not have

many clear ideas about the present time, for yourself... you might be somewhat, 'flying blind,' *but think about it... you know more about the present time, than your thoughts might readily let on.* Lets just think, for a minute. Placing some ideas onto the page, for a start, can give some good data, to test upon. For instance, If you will, notice certain near nesses, and distances, pertaining to the words, you're writing presently. Do they seem to have a continuity, with those before them, and those that follow them, and into the future? *Of course, this is a good thing to see.*

People always judge others... so, rather

than writing just anything, make sure your words are an accurate reflection of that which is actually there... *not some kind of circus act.* It's just that, ones words are sometimes more or less precocious... the goal, in actuality, *is to be only a lucid mirror, unto the inner scene... giving voice unto only the most definite observations, from your trusted familiar.* It's not too hard to see, right now, how our late summer, is in the process of turning into winter at this very moment... there's a cold front moving across, and later tonight our temperatures should be in the lower thirties. *This will be our first dose of winter.* This is also the

most clear reason for the sense of latency,
at the juncture of the past, present, and
future. Another summer has come and
gone. I look out of my window, this early
afternoon, and can see a sunny day, with
the wind blowing the trees around a bit.

This must be the cold front, I heard of. At
any rate, there isn't much any better for me
to do, it seems, than to spend some time at
this word processor, and just in seeing, that
which comes forth. I hope my reader can
see, how, *just because a style doesn't
compare to the modern glammers, of
expensive production, doesn't at all mean,
that such isn't good audio reading*

material... a simple, unpretentious style can yet speak volumes about the time, and be more interesting, in the long run. Of course, amateur music is what I do, and it's mainly what I love... seeking it out, and finding those websites, where someone has posted some of their own handiwork... music, or video, or photography, whatever it is... some of the musics I cherish most, are digital files which I have traded money for... and which have professional engineering, and production, and musicians involved in its making. So, I can't just say, that, 'Commercially produced music isn't as good as amateur music,' or that profit

doesn't drive good music, too... it's just that I don't have much money to spend on music. It is rare that I purchase music online. Much more frequently, I'll just spot someone's website, in a list, in a directory, like the 'This Just In,' list, which most self publishing directories will have... where they've put some home made music, for anyone to have, free of charge. At any rate, this is why I say, I follow mainly amateur, and independently performed, and produced, and shared free music. Not to be against the trends, because that's probably where the biggest talent, will be. *But many millions more, are there, people who aren't*

in it for the money. At any rate, I sit here,
tonight, and focus on my breath, and
breathing... and, remembering to allow the
'lateral apertures,' to breathe as well...
*This almost always allows me to get in
touch with the emotional world...* and I
realize, that I just feel such separation,
from the ones we've lost, in the recent
years. But, I think that, this grief, like this,
is an illusion. (*Death, itself must be an
illusion,*) and only forms the boundaries, of
this Earthly paradise... (*Maybe, there's a
much more advanced way of being, and
seeing,*) which resides just outside, and
around this land, (*called Earth.*) But, you

won't tend to see it, because the wavelength, is imperceptible, in our gross state. *(But, it appears, to me, that our planet, might be a proving ground, in a kind of a sand box, of an infinitely broader and wider field of happenstance...)* encompassing many many galaxies... and, not just the things of this mortal plaine... but a more of a round table discussion, *which has noticed me, perhaps,* and which is awaiting for me to realize the presence of the others around me... *and, kind of, 'come 'to,' out of my trance. (I've been hypnotized, and this dream has just got a good grip upon me... so I'll just stay!')*

(Well, maybe later, I'll just say,) *'Excuse me, I was having the most vivid dream!'*

(Or, maybe I'll stay here some more.) Well, anyways, you can easily see, how this, which I've spoken of may be awaiting for us, merely to come to our senses, and see in some distant bright dawn... *(But, of course, this present dream isn't done yet, at all!)* So, I must remain. Well, this must have been an example of some of the many facets, of this fully awakened mind... *what the reader makes of it, is something else...* but I've always suspected, that we can see past this mortal station, in certain rare alignments... *such as in this season, and in*

*the darkening of the summer months, when
with the first frosts of winter... this has
always been my favorite time of year.... and
this is no exception. Well, anyways, just
some thoughts. I just seem to have caught
a trace of a glimpse, across into the far
wider dream, and am now having to stuff it
back into its container. Or, maybe, the evil
dictator has gotten too deep, and our world
seems flimsy, of a sudden... or, it's a
hypnogogic dream, of distant darkness. At
any rate, I'm going to untangle this mess...*
*(And, Good grief, as if, the world hasn't
had enough of this warring... but, I would
hate to be in those lands!)* Well, a good

nights sleep, will dispel these spider webs... so, all for now. I'll send this article along your way, now. Greg.

~

When one wishes to look within heart, soul, and imagination, for answers, and antidotes, for instance, unto the sense of 'flying blind,' he can sit at his or her word processor, or notebook, and look inwardly, to see just what appears to be happening. I think, that, fantasies, and imaginings about

the why der state of affairs, including the afterlife, come, *as there is this sense of 'not having enough information, about the present time,'* as most anyone will quest, and grasp for what understandings are about, at any given time. Wars, and talk of wars can be so upsetting, and discouraging, that one will seek for better answers, *from within his or her imagination.* Maybe, it could be said, that, *'The Temple of the Immortals has already been attained,'* and one should set himself about the task, and question, of *'What do I wish to do here, today?'* When people cease their warring ways, and grow back into closeness, and

warmth, one with the others... then we'll
come to further elaboration, *and much
more rich, and full peace full
developments, in the path and advancing,
of mankind as a whole.* It's clear, that
having great computation power, in a small
size is likely, the last hurdle, separating our
planet, from freely colonizing and
inhabiting other worlds, in our solar
system, *and even beyond.* With great
financial resources, as some have, this goal
is more attainable, than ever before. At
any rate, I have thought, and told myself,
before, that '*Whatever will be, will be,*'
and, although this is somewhat small

consolation, it suffices, at this present.

Well, our cold weather is here, today. I need hood, and gloves, to be outside any, as a strong wind is coming out of the north west, but the midd day sun helps. As the breath, inhaling, exhaling, inhaling, exhaling is essentially the central function, which we can actually control, which keeps our lives happening, and continuing, *I find it good to always come back to my breathing meditations, no matter what I might happen to be doing, meanwhile.*

Especially, I find it helpful, in remembering this type of meditation, to see also one's peripheral, lateral vision, as

relaxing its tensions, and thereby allowing for a full, *complete three hundred and sixty degree view all around your sensory center, at this breath faculty.* It helps, also, to see one's diaphragm being pulled downward, in inhaling, and being pulled upward, in exhaling. For myself, this diaphragm rhythm is good, to center ones mind, upon, but even better, is the voice center, *where the exhaled breath is transformed into speech...* and letting consciousness rest upon this voice center, *along with relaxed peripheral vision, as the key to good meditation, and clearing.* Well, I hope you can see, how during different stages, of

soul development, the student uses a wide range of visualizations, depending upon wherever the spirit guides have led and directed him into. *But, you should really always tell your licensed doctor, or councilor, or therapist of any of these symptoms.* In 'writing about writing,' as an art form, I myself have had much good experience, especially in listening to the subtlest, quietest voice, in choosing paths, and in being receptive, as in 'playing the feminine part,' in arts and crafts, *so as to become the most sensitive, and fullest expression, of the higher consciousnesses about our lives.* Well, these have been a

few thoughts, this sunny, cold day in middle October. Winter is really early, this year... we have always been accustomed to warm Octobers, with the first frost not until November, but now... maybe we'll find a few more warm days later in the month, yet, but today after lunch, and it still hasn't made it out of the middle four ties. Of course, this is along the frontal system, which will be passed on through, later in the week. Probably temperatures back up in the sixties, and even seventies by the weekend... as this is, after all, the south east... winters have always been mild. But often, our rainy season comes in the second

half of our winter... then we sometimes
deal with freezing drizzle. *I think, that's
what made last winter so bad.* Well, all for
now. I'll send this article along your way,
now. Greg.

~

As I sit, to try and, or allow myself to
attune with the encompassing fabric of
spiritual, and intellectual ideas, about
myself, and my life, on Earth, I scan over
the different kinds of information, and

ponder over which might would work best here. *The slow, incremental, style of composition, works best at a time like this.*

What I do, is to just place a sentence, or line of thought onto the word processor or notebook page, and then just walk away, for a few hours. Returning, to the crude new beginnings, then, maybe I'll see more possibility, of further words which can follow. This composition software I use on my phone saves every keystroke, so it's always got your latest revisions saved in its memory... *you can even go back into the past, if you want to retrieve your work at an earlier stage of development.* At any

rate, when, at last, I give myself a breather, so to speak, and get to hear the really good material, which has come from my pen, this year, *(just in the second half of this year, alone!)* I'll find myself so restored, and encouraged, that I completely rise above, the sorts of insidious and divisive spiritual materialism, which being a writer, of a strong new work, can sometimes bring on... *and bring back, upon his or her own self.* You see, your work's so focused, going out, to so many readers... so, turn it around, *it's a lot of focused pressure... back upon yourself.* This is the gray side of being a writer. Did you ever see, the story about

the great writer, and how his interior personal life, in his later years, of dwelling, *was so gray... just an hazy wash, of gray shadows, and immensity.* Somehow, he still managed to think of himself as successful, and to live life to the fullest. He kept up to his being productive, late into his life. *But, it required, I think, faith, and belief in himself...* without the occasional reward, for work well done... you know, the replenishing, nourishing cup of strong black tea... or just a sugar cola, two or three times a day... *but most people don't even need this much.* I'll tell you, my Mom can make one can of Coca cola last her two

or three days. That's just an example.

Many people, like the Mormons, might not believe in caffeine, or nicotine, at all. So, try to never 'double up,' on the sweet things in life... because, then it becomes an abusive habit. (I think, the religious groups, I mentioned, are mainly averse to things that cloud the consciousness, and become used as crutches... and bring the monsters out of the woodwork, like the tobacco, and alcohol, I think.) Well, at any rate, sitting for a while, out in this little shack, outdoors, I get such a strong 'second opinion.' *If the indoors world, is one thing... then the 'outdoors world,' is*

something completely different. Often ideas will show up, which I might just would have missed, altogether, otherwise.

I think, it's mainly in the good radiant sunlight, and the good fresh, clean air.

Sometimes, there are molds and other contaminants, like viruses, and germs, on things brought in, and we want to make sure, these things aren't too contrary. *A clean soapy rag, sometimes helps to wipe down used appliances, and electronics...*

especially with bugs like the covid

nineteen. Well, at any rate, our temperatures are back up, again today, and so this makes for some

pleasant writing times, out here. But, our lunch is just ahead, so I'd better stay close. I hope my reader can see, how those kinds of artistic expression, which try to tell the reader, or listener, that 'Nothing really matters,' *are mainly, if not completely given, to play kate the chemical addict... and massage his fragile, abusive ego...* when, in actuality, *this is when it's more like, 'Practically everything matters!'* including 'Every little thing.' *(But, some people actually like looking at portraits of addicts, and cripples.)* But, at any rate, with the migraines I'm dealing with, now...

I can just tell, it's a bit of a 'worry to

contend with,' in other lands... *as there is a totalitarian ruler a little farther to the East who, as we have seen, appears to be eye rate.* But, I'll here tell myself, that, 'Whatever will be will be! You just don't want to be in that neighborhood!' *But, some of us are, or, have to put themselves in harms way, for a living... and to save lives. You know, our first responders.* Well this sunny weather feels so good, on my shoulders, and ears. How many of us remember the song, about, '*Sunshine on my shoulders makes me happy.*'? Yes, I'm a believer in fresh air, and sunshine. I just hope that ours holds up; winters and cloudy

skies often appear together. This is what makes us eagerly await summer each year. Well, you can bet, nine hundred and ninety nine people out of one thousand will do just right, and do just what they're supposed to do, in an just society... I'm just grateful to live where I do. *Well, this writing project is coming along.* I'll send this along your way now. All for now,
Greg.

~

As I sit and mull over just how to start with
some ideas, onto my page, this sunny
afternoon in middle October, *I am*
impressed with how difficult it is to rise
above the downward frictional weight and
pressing, of atmosphere, biosphere, and
being ness. If I had forgotten what hard
walking is like, then now I remember. I'm
like a sunken city, and the heaviness is
intense. But I'm not in any physical pain,
whatsoever. There's just this raucous voice
in my head, every time I move around, or
have to attend to something... a reminder
that, *we don't have much information, right*

now... or do our subconscious minds know more than we think we do? At any rate, such is life. It's the next day, and our sun is just trying to rise above the tree tops, and cast it's warmth over this land. I sit here in a lawn chair, behind our home, and write these thoughts out, now. I'm glad that this is Monday, and look forward to meeting the goals of a new week. This writing is coming along, and I'm drawn to the notion that our subconscious minds hold good answers, and might readily share, in the forms of metaphor, and analogy. When the sun is low, as in sunrise, and sunset, the tree leaves on the

sun facing side are
illuminated, *and the leaves glow as they are
seen from the shady side... their veins
clearly visible.* This makes the whole tree
appear to glow from within, in Autumn's
reds, golds, and yellows. Bright patches in
the shady thickets, and surrounding woods
stand out as the light filters its way
through the tree canopy... giving the little
woodland meadow a depth, *as the small
clearings are lit up, back in through the
brambles.* Some things don't change, like
the laws of nature... light and
electromagnetic waves do what you expect
them to. But, a young child will have to

familiarize himself... I used to find endless fascination in light effects, like how dust particles appear to swim about in a beam of light, coming inn through a window... *appearing to be almost alive.* Light and shadow appear to grow more meaningful, as we become conscious of the full three hundred and sixty degree field of vision picture, about ourselves. Many artists are there, who simply find their way in to visual thinking, through a meditation practice, like the yoga, or the Zen mindfulness practices. *I think that desktop publishing, like this I am doing, has tended to leed more people into visual logic, and*

visual thinking... light effects, including color, and saturation, are more meaningful as we see, more of the visual world, we have always taken for granted, *as being pertaining directly to our human consciousness, and our experience of reality.* Light, itself, is just the visible part of the electromagnetic spectrum... the part which shows up in our eyesight. But, there are many other forms of wavelength... including ultra violet, microwave, and infrared... depending on the length of the waves, and their intensity, various types of radio waves, and receivers and transmitters, have many applications. Electricity, is a

form of electromagnetic energy, as in a current, which flows through wires, and circuits, from the positive to the negative charge, and is measured in amperes, over time. At any rate, most any time, along a

waking day, I'm dependent upon our electric utility, to power appliances, and devices which I use every day. I've often thought how, I'm a child of electric society... born to make usage of our electronic instruments, tools, appliances, and devices, creatively... artistically, especially, in conjunction with the internet. Sometimes, I wonder, 'Where do I get the gumption to scrapbook, or journal?' I

think, this comes from my consciousness,
in my life, of itself, and through dealing
with my nervous energy... over time.

*Having pens, and notebook, or word
processor, over time... spirit presences,
about my life, then will use these
instruments, and tools... both creatively,
and in discernment, to find the
encompassing, and underlying ideas in a
wider time frame. This is like any
incremental increasing path... eventually,
you have a whole book, of writings.
(Which is something history likes... a
clean, unbiased, even accounting
of the day and time... the age... future*

readers will want to look back at it.) This is a day, in Earth, somewhat like any other... but, never mind the evil dictator... and you might have to overlook the pollution... and the latest plague, and the fires. Urban sprawl is a part of industrial, consumer based human society... *your view of this might be greater or lessor, if you like the countryside, and rural living better.* At any rate, this morning, I can't get over the crows, raising a big fuss, just out of sight to the south east... I wonder what's got them going? But, I have often thought, how, 'I seem to exist more in the written word, for instance, than in my own self,'

this explains my poor old lack of enthusiasm, most days. And, then at last, *I'll play my latest audio book, and I'll say, 'Well, there I am! Right there in my words, on this internet page!'* But, until I find this, I'm just nowhere to be found... no character, no personality... no enthusiasm. If I want to get in touch with my own sense of gratitude, then I've just got to read some of my latest book... because, I'm a little too under this time... feeling the weight. This is spiritual materialism. Well, at any rate, I sit and write. I'm sure that, I've seen far worse days than yesterday was, for me, they just aren't kept in my memory much

anymore... they were years ago, in my
twenties. Only, I don't live that way
anymore... I'm clean and sober. *Well, the
afternoon has turned out cool and balmy...
October splendor.* I'll finish this article
up, and send it along your way, now. All
for now, Greg.

~

When one wishes to tune into the subtlest
nuance, and direction from within him or

her self, he can sit at his notebook, with a pen, or at his word processor... and try and find the meaning. There might be a lot of

local sensory information, *but if I'm writing, I'll tend to look past these surface appearances, and listen, instead, to the inner voice.* Remember, how, there might be a very good plan for you, but you'll never know, if you don't attune inwardly. A spirit presence, is someone who is just as sentient as you are, with all of your expressive fluency... but he or she will not be visible, physically... *and will only be a presence, in the form of a still small voice.*

This is what was meant by the description,

as in how a presence, will only be seen as
in being like a 'swirl,' or an 'eddy,' in the
Flow, of your life. At any rate, I sit and
write, while listening unto a random
sampling of Earth's people's music, playing
through my speakers, out into this room. I
remind myself, *how the more emotional
kinds of music, tends to co exist side by
side, with the more inward... the dynamic,
right along with the quiet.* As I sit here,
I'm trying to remember some dream
impressions, from my last nights sleep.
But, these views, as usual, remain elusive.
I'm glad, and relieved, now, that this days
moods are in the usual range, for a

Wednesday. What more could one ask, than to quietly sift through ideas, while sitting comfortably, knowing, that, our society gives us so many choices... and, for the most part, that *it will be our own best choices, which most determine our courses... not some outside force, or entity.*

My video work, for instance... I've followed my inspirations, and found the inner expression, which I always dreamed I could find. The same goes for my piano playing, and visual design. *The choices aren't governed by the need for great wealth, or profit, instead by the heart.* So, I definitely have good appreciation, for this

beautiful little elysium. Here, there are bold contrasts, just as in a music library...

and such reminds me that I am in fact alive, here... not merely floating upon pink clouds. The mind, itself, appears somewhat endless... and I've thought before of how it's a land of contrasts, as well as sameness.

It might would be nice, to have a kind of child hood dream scape, of never ending happiness... but this mind dwells in the real twenty first century world... and, there will never be complete uun nannimity...

diversity, and argument is the name of the game.... both agreement, and disagreement.

In fact, if you thought living was easy,

that's probably because you were asleep,
then... *your eyes were closed*. At any rate,
I'm glad to see this writing coming along.

Our weather is chilly this morning, as
yesterday and last night saw a cold front
pushing through, and, truly, *we're grateful
to have made it through the stormy patch*. I

sat outside in the small wood and metal
shed, and tried to write, for a few minutes,
just now... but it was too cold for me to
really enjoy it, or get into it. So, I made it
back inside. In the ordinary flow of events,
from day to day, people will make you so
mad, if you let them. *But, when yours is
such a heavenly win within*, you might as

well get mad at your own silly self. Or at a ghost, in your own imagination. It would do you just as much good. At any rate, this is my best portrayal of the '*crux of existence,*' at the moment for myself. If you can think it, you can write it. (As in, the Golden Age of an artistic movement, for instance. *But, if there's no reader, later, there would be practically no art movement, to speak of.* 'If a tree falls in the forest, and no one is there to hear it, then, did it make a sound?') But, I like, how, '*Life isn't short, but instead is inestimably long!*' I like this much better. And, how, one of the most important abilities is,

'being tolerant in the face of evil.' Right then, you will see... all of your troubles are solved. I guess that explains my good moods, recently. The sun is trying to shine, which will begin a warm up, here.

Sometimes, what I need, more than anything, is to see, hear, and appreciate my own work... *even if this means, going to my most recent online project, and giving it an objective examination...* to see, what is 'first up,' so to speak. This will be what the listener or viewer sees, and has saved. As I awaken, unto the 'outgoing,' I'll be better able to understand my day to day moods.

If I never see and appreciate this

information, I might walk through life,
with a lack of belief, in my self. Well, at
any rate, this is the Autumn season,
comprised of October, November, and
December. But, I'm somewhat inclined to
be already awaiting the Spring season...
mentally, that is... as if this were February,
or early March. Like, no matter what, I'll
get through this Winter. But, I tell myself,
there may be a few days of hard hard
freeze, you know, like not getting out of the
twenties during the day, *but for the most
part, our Winters are comprised of forty
nine or fifty degree days.* But, it gets a bit
merciless, as we have cold, and cloudy

overcast, or rainy days, which never even begin to warm up. *This can be tiresome...*

always shivering, like that. And, a

nineteen or twenty degree rainfall, can mean a lot of downed power lines, and loss of electrical power. But, we're fortunate, to

have a gas floor furnace, here just right outside my room door. At any rate, just keeping up a writing course, on a chilly day, like today is, is such warmth for the

soul. This is really something to be grateful for... and, then *having something*

to show for the time passed... Spirit's

blessings must really be with me. The way I look at it, life is only what you do or don't

make it into... no limits. *That's what I call Good News!* And, now, finding this latest publishing work, to not only be fully functioning, but so inspiring, practically, that all of my doubts, are now gone. *'If God is for me... who can be against me?'* Well, now, paying attention, to the kind, gracious, benevolent work of a trusted spirit guide, I have found my peace, and contentment this day. And, this is a 'slow turning,' writing path... rarely ever do I complete an entire article in one sitting... but, this work, usually comes incrementally... *at the pace of life.* Well, all for now. I'll send this article along your

way, now. Greg.

~

'The 'esoteric world,' is not explicitly visible, exo terically. Trying to explain, or point the way into seeing into this 'inner' plane of reality, is like seeing the 'Man in the Moon,' and, through some miracle, *you happen to notice, that he is peeking out around a fold of black velvet drapery.* And,

then, the vastness of the true scene comes
into view.'

'This is why, the beginning art student is
asked to see both the positive, and the
negative spaces, of a scene, when sketching
it. *Given persistent effort, at seeing this*
'negative space,' enfolding all solid
objects, (knocking upon door,) 'It shall be
opened for you.'

You might read this, and say, well, wait a
minute... there isn't any black velvet
curtain or drapery... did you make that up?
Well, no, I just, would point the reader unto

the 'Mind of God,' and say... recorded music always sounds the same way, doesn't it? But, if you'll take into consideration this 'Mind of God,' you'll understand how, music travels through the matrix of the air, *and when doing so, it picks up subtle impressions, of the Past-Present-Future continue umm...* it makes you excited, one time... inspired another time... angry another time... and sad, or bored another time... *and these subtle impressions, are crucial insights into the forthcoming time, and the recently passed time... I absolutely believe that this is the case.* At any rate, this points the reader, unto this Soul, or

Mind of God.

At any rate, you can see my thoughts on this. As I was saying, through this way, partly of centering upon recorded music...

and staying up on the different ways it makes you feel... *we can grow somewhat closer, in heart, and in mind, to Spirit...* a

Spirit guide is your best, closest connection, unto the worlds of light, peace, and truth all around ourselves... when we, at last, realize the importance of this fact, *we'll strive always to slow back down, each time she or he 'puts you ahead.'* Yours is a great gift, to be sure. A trusted familiar

will, given time, impart the wisdom of a
'wise old man,' or *'wise old woman.'*

Knowing this, and not straying from this
way, is crucial.

At any rate, these are some thoughts. I
think, that we all have big thoughts,
sometimes... *the answer is in knowing how
to write them down on lasting media,
before they get away from you.* Just think
about it like this. Jotting down thoughts,
even random ideas, which may not appear,
at first, to be part of a larger flow... can be
the keys unto understanding 'what the heart
is saying,' on this or any day. *This, when*

done regularly, can in fact impart 'self knowledge.' Here's a unique idea... maybe, a musician distills, somehow, all of his ideas about the present, and recent past time, in the sounds he builds, and creates... *and which then seems to symbolize that time, for a generation.* One's getting 'around the bend,' for instance... just how will this be seen, and accomplished? The flowing of time. And, here's the crucial insight... such will be given, and seen, from through the solid grounding in the fabric, in other words, from a perspective within the 'underlying matrices,' who will be right on the operant idea... and who, then, has to

go back, in time, later, and retrieve this 'big
idea,' and salvage it, and let it be seen in
the *right*, and the more *advanced* light.
*Only then, will he or she be truly granted
wholeness.*

Well, at any rate, these are some ideas. I
hope they have served you well.

~

When one wishes to look beneath the
surfaces of the present moment, and time,

for himself, or herself, he can situate himself in front of his notebook, with pen, or at his word processor keyboard... *and peer inwardly*. There may not be much cohesive information arising unto the surface, initially... you might have to sit, and quest, for a while... upon an idea... looking all around, a mental object, or concept, *in order to stimulate, or create and discover new ideas*. There are many and varied new ideas, accompanying any given morning. *Here's how I make that work for me...* reading is good, each morning, and there will usually be just one story, which fills me in, for the most part.

Reading this one view, from a popular writer's perspective, *then gives me a working model, of the time and day... and from this, I can then keep my feet on the ground, when I sit to write my own views.* Just reading down a list of new articles is great, for finding ones ground, you don't have to actually read the story... just looking at the headline, is usually enough. *Your mind can inference the rest.* I've often made the reference, of how I'm like the classical music composer, who cultivated spiritual nobility... and rather than immersing himself in the music of others, and the cultures of others, he refused to do

so, and composed mainly 'in the dark.' He used his own likes and dislikes, and ever changing field of vision, internally, to fill him in with his own good works. These are what history has remembered. *So see, our minds sometimes do best, to remember this 'nobility of spirit,' and rather than feeling like, you have to visually see, or read all the stories...* you just rely on the mind's natural sigh kick faculty, to somewhat have those findings, *already processed and stored away, subconsciously.* One needn't read all manner of writings, to be perfectly on top of the information. Just one good read, is usually enough most mornings.

My subconscious mind, can do the rest...
because he or she will be already 'in the know.' Well, at any rate, today is a mild, and balmy Saturday, in late October. I was just getting my piano out, to play a tune or two, and some thoughts were in my head.

Most peoples, most adults, as well as young people, are busy most of their free time, (*when they're not at work, or school... the necessary dues, which our society asks of most people,*) with their church family, and church related get togethers, and activities. Some people, of course, are sportsmen, and you can find them, on their off days, to be out hunting,

or fishing. Other than these two, there is sports... the love of football, soccer, or baseball... and others, which their children are involved in, or else which will be on television, or at a nearby sports field. The point I am making is, *most ordinary people have these good things in their lives... and, along with people's hobbies, and other less athletic, more recreational loves, they will be doing these things, in happiness, when they are not at their job.* What, though, do we do, at the group, foster, or retirement home? When it comes to our family life, and our comraderie, and fellowship, and our meal related festivities, **what is life**

**like, for disabled peoples, for instance,
who may not live in independent living,
like others, and may live in group
homes?** Well, from the best I know, some
of the seniors, or disabled people, will be
more or less family centered, and will be
involved in leadership... around the
morning chores, especially... *and,
correspondingly, in the community
television viewing, and will often lead
conversations, at meal time.* But, like you
have the outgoing people, in a church
group, you also will have the inwardly,
more private people. These, will see group
home living, as *'sharing your living space,*

with other grown ups,' and doing your responsibilities, and going by the rules are par for the course. But, these more solitary folks, sometimes will be writing, or journaling, or doing their private path, of a musical instrument, or painting, and often, they'll be more retiring, and inward, even sometimes dealing with depression.

Snacks and meals, too often, are silent affairs, without much sharing, or caring.

We don't always have happy talking to share. Maybe, what I've found, mainly, is the good in, how, *sitting at a table with others, is very healthy, and restorative, even if you don't have a lot to share, all the*

time. When you do as we do, you have three meals a day, with the other people you live with, but not every meal, is happy and joyous. Sometimes, we just want to 'lay our eyes,' on others, like '*ships in the fog,*' and try, somehow, to make eye contact... and sharing, even a small nod of the head, or hand gesture, can be just as unifying, and family reinforcing, *as having a small story to tell, or a humorous anecdote... it's really not necessary, at all to talk, at every meal.* Many times, I am feeling like, well, it's just not my turn right now, or maybe, 'I hope I have more to say, by the weekend!' At any rate, thoughts like

these, sometimes save the day... **reminding yourself, that you're a little different, and stay inwardly more often.** Then, see, you've touched base, in this writing, and therapeutically, gotten your feelings off of your chest, so to speak. *This is an example, of good therapeutic writing abilities.* Well, we have got some real leaders, at our home, *and, I am trying, also to thank, my lucky stars, for these good charismatic, outgoing, more sociable leaders, who make every week, so lively, and practically fun!* Even if the time may not be fun, these kinds of leaders, in the home, *can make everyone feel so much*

better. Well, just some thoughts. Maybe, it's true, and you just don't realize it, how, *'People know you, and appreciate you... and your special constancy, for instance, the standards you do set.'* These, too, are important in a family sense! As we strive to be better leaders, too, we can be grateful, just for who we are, individually... and how, there is no one way to be... feelings, are always changing, and most people, just work more, during the arduous week, *and share, and socialize more, on the weekends, and at special observances, like Thanks giving, or Christmas.* Well, all for now, Greg.

~

THIS BOOK, MY TWENTY TWENTY TWO, part bee,' is coming along well. *This present writing will begin 'Twenty twenty two, Part Bee, part four.'* My thoughts, right now, are turning to the subject of the *'human imagination.'* There is something of a miss understanding, about our minds, and this matter. *Many many people, I think, live with limited mental capacities,* because, in many

families, spiritual development, and intellectual growth really operates on the *'ask and you shall receive,'* premise.

'Knock and the door shall be opened.'

Until a young person is shaken out of his or her 'comfort zone,' by the powers that be, in his life... *he might never think, of how this 'asking,' is to be done, in the first place.* The really sad thing, is that, in most instances, the youth winds up in prison, or other form of incarceration, *before he or she really gets serious about his spiritual development.* Many youths become duped, into thinking, that the way we change our consciousnesses, is with powerful

psychedelic drugs. But see, this will get you into trouble with the law. (Most hallucinogens are listed as tier one drugs, and possession, or usage of them, will, if you get caught, result in prison time.) *The trick, really comes as a person finally realizes, 'Hey, I'm not much good, this way. I'm going to get a job, and live simply, and cleanly, and see what comes.'* You see, this was the smartest move, I've ever made, this of cleaning up my act, and living and working in an ordinary fashion. You see, I knew, at a point, that I was missing an important component of my consciousness. (One of my prior roommates, had, at one

point, simply said, or I thought he said, that it was lacking something 'basic,' something 'fundamental.')

What could it be? I asked myself. So I resolved to get sober, and clean, and simply 'await guidance.' And this is what I did!

One stormy night, as the time seemed full of mystery, and portent, and I felt myself to be but a small, miniscule part, of a vast, unfeeling, unsympathetic world...

I was standing by my book shelves, looking at a title, of one of my books, or something... *when there was a crash of lightening, bolt, and sound simultaneously... and I suddenly found myself to be on the 'telephone,' but, I really*

wasn't on the telephone, at all, but had found myself engaged in a conversation, mentally speaking, with someone who wasn't there, physically! This, was something akin to an enormous discovery, for me. Well, to make a long story short, I gradually began growing in knowledge, and wisdom, and learning the ways of these things, and there were at least two stages, of what I call spiritual cognitive development, yet to come, *and I eventually flowered out, artistically, and became the man, I am today.* So, and every cultural spiritual tradition, has stories, and metaphors, for this shift... the Christian

story, tells of Saul, the great sinner, on his way to Tarsus, who was shown light, full in his face, and life transformation ensued.

The Buddahists speak, of how the Buddah, after many long days and nights, awaiting the kernal of 'Enlightenment,' was finally illumined, from above, while sitting under the Bow dee tree. *But, psychiatry tells us, how this experience, is also told of as one*

of the culminations, of the Jungian

Individuation path... the part of the

spiritual journey, where the Mystic, or devotee is introduced unto the Anima, and the Animus... the male and female creative principles, or life forces of the Universe...

and is shown a highly meaningful vision, or dream, *and thus sets about the journey of becoming the 'Wise old Man,' or 'Wise old Woman,' archetype...* while concurrently illustrating the contents of the 'Vision,' or 'Dream,' artistically, or in literature. And this is what happened, to me. And it might also be helpful, for you to understand, how, while all religions speak of a Teacher, or savior, who is the 'embodiment of the All,' so to speak, it is generally thought to be, and told, *of how the Christ, or the My treya, which is spoken of as in the The New Testament, was, for all practical purposes, the Main Leader, for Earth. Other*

luminaries include The Archangels Michael, and Gabriel, among a great number of other Saints, and Prophets, amounting to the Non Corporal leadership, of the contemporary Churches, today.

Consider, the United States founding fathers. *Still told of today, two hundred and forty six years later.* (Too, they say that the

Holy Bible is the 'Word of God,' and the main, principal printed book, for our Earth, among some others.) At any rate, these

have been some thoughts, this sunny afternoon in early November. I was thinking, just now, and saw, *how the human mind, too often, is full of junk, of the*

celestial variety. We're given a local reality, and told to be happy with it. But, then, we're told that we're at the complete mercy of non local personalities, who proceed to over tax our ability to, for instance, see an accurate view of reality, as contrasted with a false view of reality.

We're told that the 'false,' view is the correct one, and that self delusion, and that all of the illusory phenomena, of Maya, or Illusion, is simply our reality.

Deal with it. At any rate, you can see, how there are so very many peddlers, of Illusion, and enforcers, of false hood, such as demons, and vampires, that we

sometimes find it difficult, to even think properly. So, you have the 'proponents of right thinking,' and political correctness, *but so many times, even they disregard the hellish number of successful suicides, in our land... and account it to poor families, and a culture of wickedness.* So, our Churches have enormous power, in our world, and I think, that, this is partly the reason for the creation, in nine teen thirty five, of the United States Social Security Administration. Every land's government has a *Mental Health Department*, of one kind or another, and psychiatry, and psychology are kind of like, the corner

pieces of our successful secular society.

Getting therapeutic practices, and good medicine, where it is needed, is really one of the most imminent concerns of our

modern world. Every week, we see more of 'miss guided youth...' such that we tend to factor this in, as a part of ordinary life.

And, that is really awful. And we seem to deal with it, by saying things like, 'Maybe

Pieces should talk, and relate more, with Aquarius.' *'Those two aren't talking' much, or enough,* and this creates problems, of an enormous scale, when you add to the brew the readily commercially available assault type weapons, and ammunition, which were

designed, for usage on the field of battle, to defend our nations' borders, and interests.

And, other nations assault weapons, and ammunition... add them in there also. *Any*

way, self help writers, like myself, are faced daily, with this screeching, more like screaming voice, saying 'Something must change!' Maybe our literate voices are the

main people, who need to hear, this message... our opinion shape ers, and influence ers... our voices. *At any rate, if*

you can turn one person away from the 'culture of weapons,' and firearms, maybe you've saved a life?so our writers, our voices, (which includes everyone,) maybe

should get fired up, about the immanency, and necessity of this message. At any rate, these are some thoughts. *On the other hand, these weapons, used skill fully, on the battlefield, can defend our nation, from foreign threats.* (Invaders, and those other would be invaders... theory holds, that weapons will scare them into staying away.) At any rate. I myself was offered a pistol once, by a supposed friend. *I never spoke to him again... never cared to!* For he tried to ruin my life, and mind. *Never mind, that he cared in some way, for my safety...* to me, he was a threat, because my Mom's half brother, had killed himself with

a gun, when I was ten. *So, I was in possession of that special quality... 'Wise to that.'* So, that's what I think about it... and, I still do. Your view may be different. At any rate, these have been a few thoughts for the 'One who wonders.' There's a lot that I could say, around this concept, of toughening the fiber in today's young men.

This would be a very wise move, in our culture of permissiveness, and abundance.

Some guys will be impressed, by the sinners, and will fall for the traps, and wind up in quicksand. But, then, even they will, if they survive, eventually learn the 'rules of the wolf pack...' *This is its own kind of*

wisdom. I myself had a career as a teenager in the Scouts, and since we had a very active troop, I participated in a lot of hiking and camping, a whole lot, through my teen years. This filled me in, as to my own capabilities, *and as to the demands of a long hike... and what cold nights in a tent were like.* So I was filled with self knowledge. I also see people around me, who inhabit a kind of 'non committal,' or 'undecided' place, mentally speaking. Or, maybe they know the sorts of qualities they are searching for, but it just doesn't show that often for them, or is mysterious. Some of these guys will want to have an 'open

channel,' also, and to be able to plunge into
a writing, or painting, or brain storming
session... *and find good results, and to stay
detached, and to make it work...* but there's

a deficit in terms of having the self
confidence, to begin, or the right tools and
media to work in, or having a proficiency
in the written English language. This is a
tremendous road block, I agree. There's a

metaphor, or two, I can share, about
starting out in a creative path, and learning
a skill, or proficiency in art or writing.

Entering the world of expressive art, or
writing... or starting out as a mediumistic
channel... *or anything, which your inner*

spirit does through your physical faculties,
in terms of expressing or enscribing onto
lasting media... this process will be a lot
like exiting from a sub marine vessel at a
depth of a mile or more, and then
encountering a tremendous downward
pressure, and force and weight of water.
Another metaphor, is that of how, starting
out in publishing is a lot like, *Expressing*
yourself out into the flowing of All time...
into the world of every writer, artist, or
poet who has ever lived, and created art...
and trying to establish yourself within this
much larger continuum. This is not an
easy thing to think of doing. Without

mental toughness, you'll be overwhelmed, quickly. (The journey of my twenties decade, was important, in terms of showing me what real pain is, and isn't... real major depression made me hurt myself, twice, but, on this side of the mountain, I never give up on myself, or my work.) But, you get the idea. And one's youthful years are important, and crucial in making strong adults... don't forget it, or let yourself think of these years as chaffe, or as unwanted, or unimportant. At any rate, these are some thoughts, written words... *But initially, they were more like confusion, and I had to 'walk them back,' from 'the ignorant.'* But,

learning the ways of the wolf pack, imparts mental toughness... *and, what the writer Isaiah called 'natural wisdom.'* This is where spiritual socialization begins... eventually imparting '*Godly wisdom.*' But, this might require twenty years or more, to come to fruition. Well, we are along into November, now, and in sight of the Seasonal festivals... and I have began getting some presents for family together. At any rate, I am staying busy, more or less. *I hope you can see, how this particular Godly wisdom didn't come easily... only incrementally, carefully choosing each word.* (Not as a speaking

voice would... confident and sure... But a more of a stammering.) But the text to speech software makes it sound easy. Well, all for now. I'll send this along your way, now. Greg.

~

Well, I managed to find time to sit at my word processor keyboard, this evening, and think. There are, as usual, a wide spectrum of ideas, and possible paths, and ways,

leading from where I am sitting here, *back into the encompassing mists, and shadow lands, about myself.* Outside, just now, the

crickets and frogs are making up a symphonic chorus, as this dusky evening enfolds the nature, about, and our houses and yards, and fields, and roads leading towards and away from the town to the west. My mind is enchanted, this evening,

by the metaphors, and poetry, of the woodlands and meadows, and I can plainly recall, a night or two, years ago, when these woodland poetry captivated my writers mind, and sensibilities... *in writing The 'Earth Changes,' book in two thousand*

and eight. The subtle neuro musculature of the psyche is something like my main outlet, and pacifier, these days... times when there are good visualizations, and dance moves, which with a little help from above can indeed dispel the worst migraines. And, the pain of living, just lately has called forth these strategies, and techniques. In particular, I can easily find how, the hyper cortex, the surfaces and spaces just around and above my third eye, are somewhat malleable with inn imagination, and can be moved in various ways from off of me, even dispensed with, entirely... *or envisioned as a kind of 'hand*

puppet, or 'catchers mitt,' and worked, in this manner. But, this seems to result in a kind of back wash, as resting resumes, *losing more than we gained,* as the 'looking glass' may have been foggy for a reason.

At any rate, it's been a pleasant, cloudy, seventy degree day, and I am ready for bed.

Well, all for now. It's the next day, and I continue this journal ing, awaiting the

inspiration which will improve this chapter... and, complete, in my mind, this particular article. You really don't have to

look far, to find me, at work on new writing... as you can stop in, any morning, or day, and I'll be busy, on something or

another. *But, not everyone is like me... I'm something of an exception, not the rule.* At any rate, I sit, upon this bed, enjoying the sounds of my roommates' radio, out into this room. It's always good, to confirm, and affirm, unto myself, how things are in the usual ranges, and how we'll definitely find an acceptable tomorrow. Just finding the right wording to say what I want to say, is good... not taking anything for granted, that's for sure. I rest here, and wait on our cola break, around eight aye emm. In thinking, this morning, of our blessings... the Higher Intelligence fabrics, within and around us, invisibly... *God, in other*

words... have been very good to me. I
indeed have gotten just the effects I
wanted, not only in my nature videos, but
in my piano playing, and writing, as well as
my visual illustration, and film. *I couldn't*
ask for anything more! Gratitude seems to
speak right unto the particular concern,
today, and this is something very
meaningful to find. It's the first week in
November, and our temperatures here are
pleasant, and mild, and cool breezes are
drifting here and there... the sunn is trying
to come from behind the clouds, and warm
things up a bit. *'Times of vision, recall*
great faith,' is one of my favorite sayings...

Saturday, and Sunday, yesterday, were somewhat under the weather, but, my spirit wasn't having it. And, in realizing how *'Gratitude is the proper attitude,' I find myself quite happy, indeed.* At any rate, I seem to be at something of a zenith of happiness, in my life, even though, I tend to keep my joy inwards. Sometimes, I can't help but think, of the song title, about how *'I'm as lonely as Dave Bowman,'* what with our standards of outward charisma being such a guide, and gold being such a criteria, today, *I wonder if our inwardly, poorer people, are even seen at all.* But, this is nothing worth worrying about, other

than this small note, to myself mainly.

Well, you can see my thoughts, here, for they are posted in this common area. (Not to detract, but simply to connote my own quiet presence. Just because you're more shy and reserved, doesn't mean that you have to feel like you're not valued, or important. *I myself would much rather be secure, in my own inner thinking, and the knowing, than to be thought boastful, or arrogant.* And, this is much more like the correct way to think, for myself, than to judge yourself against those loud, physical, more competitive folk, who might appear to be so foot loose, and without concern,

with regards to the precious liberties, and years, we're given, in life. I myself would much rather have some good equity to show for the time spent, than to just 'resign,' all of my responsibilities, I have, unto myself, and my own spirit. *Because, I'm worth something more, to me, if that makes sense...* having survived two serious suicide attempts, maybe solely by the surgeons great skill, in putting me back together, every day is meaningful.) Just some thoughts.

Even though I've shared these personal thoughts, I'm mainly, today going to give unto it my heart felt thanks. You'd know

just what I mean, if you saw me in the early
nine teen nineties... there wasn't much of
anything good, in my life. But, despite my
wretched addictions, and excesses, my
good parents went the distance, for me,
when my positive growth into music, and
writing began to take hold. *As they showed*
'kindest attention to every endeavor,' I owe
them my all. I only wish that my peers,
today, could know of the journey, I've
come, and of the meaning in life, when we
save our thoughts onto lasting media.

Well, just some thoughts. A quick
downpour, while I sit in the shed, with this
canine, at my side. *In summation, I've seen*

how, the doors of perception, considering all, would be the 'eye of the needle,' for practical purposes... so maybe we should teach kids self control, and to 'completely diminish the ego, and those automatic responses.' But, this would have been a constraint... I would have resisted invaders to my mind... *speaking for myself; at age fifteen, there are just so many different things to learn of...* I was drawn to the teachings of the orient. But the hereditary issues in my family took me more towards alcohol, and self medicating... *only, little did I know how important it was to get past this blurriness, and the*

mysticism, and find something more definite, like psychiatry, and Western Theosophy. Well, all for now, Greg.

~

I guess, maybe the lesson of what my young life course was about, was my being born, into one caste, as a child... and failing at a time. *My peers went into quantum studies, at around our teen years, only I stayed back, in the dark ages.* But, I wasn't forgotten... The amazing thing, was how

some of the older guys, realized, that me, in my materialist station, only wished for more and better reading materials. These

several mentors started me in fantasy fictions, and science fictions, and good, popular, contemporary music. The lesson really being, *'Thriving on a shoe string.'*

My parents had already immersed me in three outdated, but complete encyclopedia sets, and several popular magazine subscriptions, not to mention dozens of other literature, to my hearts desire. ...So now, I had some real adult reading. This really completed, and filled out, my 'inner mythos.' Then came an 'unexpected legacy'

too, not much later, *only, I had yet, to meet
the spirit powers themselves, whose
advocacy had seen the blessings so given,
in the first place.* This would be several
years later. Then, came the millennial woe,
several years after that. But, in retrospect,
aside from the powers found in the
language, it really helps me, these days, to
see, how the powers of the oppose able
fingers, do more to keep the darkness, of
constant searching banished, *and to keep
confidence inn my heart, than 'pondering
free energy,' ever will... on a good day!* So,
just some thoughts. Frogs and crickets are
talking, out here... excitedly sharing the

thoughts which the Good Earth, and the Good Lord, has put within their hearts. So

am I, only, into this word processor memory. My mind is commonly trying to get blurry; it seems to help, to imagine cinching down my various askew sinus hairs, to prevent data loss. *But, whether this helps you, or not, is something else.*

You might, like the view of, 'Green to Gold,' *but most people will simply ignore it, because 'That's an old story.'* But, I think, the playing is just as good. Well, I had better get inn, from out of this night air. I've tried to keep this word processor with me all day, today. *So you can read,*

whatever was. Later, in the evening, I made two copies of my new 'Greg @ the Piano 4.0' This, for Christmas giving, as I'm mainly giving home made gifts this year. I'm finally giving up on struggling, mentally, as I can say that, it just feels alright to rest. You'll enjoy reading this, I'm sure, as this rest is thought to be good, where I'm at. Enough of toil and grief!

Given that our Western hemisphere, here, is far more stable, I just couldn't imagine a safer place in which to live. You would love this ranch country. (Sure, I rent, here. But, the open spaces are the best I can do, period.) The minute I get to read some of

my most articulate playing, I understand, now, why I came the way I did... We may go through ten days of poverty, and then just two days of such wealth that the other is forgotten almost entirely. Well, these are just a few of the thoughts which come to mind, tonight. Go figure. If you're like me, you can imagine, the afterlife might have a lot of get up and go, *but the heavenly tenants might get down on my level, too.* This would be a good example of someone you can trust. Wouldn't you want to keep it going, for as long as possible? Yes, definitely... dream the dream along... there's no telling what we

might find. The disclaimer, *'I'm not a licensed councilor or therapist,'* for instance, also works here. But anyway, I hope my ideas aren't too pass say. That was a hard to find phonetic spelling, let me tell you. But, this dream is working fine, otherwise. My going is slow, in through here, as I am trying to process, and understand this smart device's auto complete function. If I understand correctly, maybe the software uses a set of logic functions, which, when given a finite, definite language quanta, suffice to read the ever changing contextual syntax quotient... But maybe the precise

mechanism, or action of the formula isn't known... it's not known how it works... or, it's not fully understood. *(Maybe, the auto complete software was reverse engineered from an alien device... or taken from an ancient, binary disk found sealed in a cavern a mile beneath the Earths' surface... a relic from an earlier episode in time. The math might be someone else's work?)*

Just some thoughts. I so love sitting and brain storming of things of this nature.

But, it's getting late, and I need to get to sleep. I'm up again, and pondering over how, I'll finish this article. There's a way we have, of tossing the deck of cards into

the air, and letting them fall, in haphazard fashion, across the table top. This serves, in some cases, to bring fresh ideas to light, and reveals the time in a new way. So, this is accomplished, and I can see the way into the new tomorrow. Repeated re reads tend to reveal a more perfect creation. *This is standard curriculum, to me.* On the one hand, there's just about nothing I'd like better, than to sit and gaze deeply into this new story... but I don't want to wear out my welcome. *So, take it lightly.* Well, all for now, Greg.

~

In looking beneath the surfaces, of the unfolding moment, right now, I'm impressed with how, *our beliefs definitely shape our perception*. If one believes that a thing is good, or bad, *then it is that way*.

There will always be, in other words, holistic, and life affirming ways to interpret things, in your creative, and inner spiritual life. This usually begins with, *understanding the good intentions, of others*. Also, we must remember that all people, are only human. Too often, we're

scared of peoples' '*substantial visage*,' and overlook the fact, that the person *isn't an immortal god, but a human being*. This is very important to remember, in working with media, and in occasionally coming into others work, remembering that it is 'the best they can do.' So, leave them alone. '*Truth laboriously climbs uphill; falsehood slides down the slippery slope.*' Often, living itself is such a struggle, that ones associate or customer can't help but get defensive. Didn't you think, that to him, you might would appear somewhat offensive? But, you were only 'bearing down!' Just some thoughts. Here's one: 'If

only you had known, how, 'Every day is like survival,' you wouldn't have been so quick to criticize him, *or allow yourself to make a paranoid assumption, about him.'*

Think of all the souls... statistics, in graveyards, and prisons, who should have seen and known this. It's true, facts of life dictate that we be competitive, but we're all

brothers and sisters, in spirit... *we all appear to be identical, on the inside.* Some people live their entire lives never knowing this. This suggests, that we stop now, and smell the roses. Well, this is how you feel, when there are 'wars, and talk of wars!' I've somewhat seen how, our present day and

age isn't exactly like Utopia, by any stretch of the imagination. People everywhere, every day have to struggle, and try very hard to accomplish the work it takes to earn a living, in our land. *We should see, how the twenty first century is, in many ways, just like any other century... wars, plagues, droughts, fires, insanity.* (In case you thought it was Paradise!) *What you give, is equal to what you get back. No pain, no gain.* I can definitely remember the pains of work. (Getting up at four in the morning, every day, to give all of your precious time, and attention, entirely to the client. Setting everything of yourself

aside, for eight or more hours, to do it for someone else... *that is hard, to do.*) Just some thoughts, this November afternoon.

If you ever wonder, how you'll attend to everything your job requires, *just remember, one step at a time.* One can only exist at one location, in time space, at once.

So, when we look at a list of tasks, our mind can't fathom being in all of those places, and times. There's only one of you, so, this is why time flows. We always will rely, upon the guidance, of those who are more in the know. *Without this guidance, there's no telling what might happen.*

Writing, creatively, or as in discernment,

sometimes gets perilous... What if I
mistakenly choose a path, which would
amount unto stepping upon a dance
partners' slippers? *Who's to rush over,
before I blunder, to help me?* This
happens, in the worlds of logos, and
trademarks, such as song lyrics... I must act
quickly, to avoid conflict, or disaster.
Anyway, such is life. *I rely on my 'second
in command,' no one else will do.* Having
an inner spirit guide is essential, in this fast
paced world. I myself am not a licensed
councilor or therapist, *but she or he sees
me despite my weakness. She's a second
opinion.* At any rate, I seem to spend most

of my free time, with this smart device's writing software open on my lap. I'm just trying to stay in touch, with my constantly changing mind, in it's various contexts. *My device has become an extension of my self, and I'm grateful to have it.* I'm sitting here in this out building, and listening to an optical data disk. We have been into the town, and have gotten our weekly snacks and drinks, and are now just resting, back at home. As my audio program changes, my thoughts are somewhat stirred into vast new worlds, of antiquated brilliancy. I've just about never been so affected by sonics.

All of these recordings, emotional

landscapes, enscribed inside of this data
disc- Enough music for a lifetime- At least!

As the afternoon gets along, I use my
phone jukebox, and play some of my music
through the speaker. *After the brilliant jazz*

pianist, mine sounds simple. We are

getting some bands of rain, from the

hurricane moving north from the south.

Hopefully nothing too serious, though. But

I have seen these things produce tornados.

I include these personal notes, so that I will

remember the time, and so that it will be

more than just a gray wash of memories.

My caffeine drinks have been good, this

afternoon. This brings me happiness, when

nothing else can. Having gone a few days without, this time is nice. 'Collection of Piano Music,' from last December, has a nice feel to it. The piano tone is good... it seems to sum up midwinter, and I'm grateful to have it. It seems as if two or three years have passed since then. Go figure... I have been prolific. *But, one is always of ones time. And you'd have to be an idiot, to have not seen, how the times have been hard.* At any rate, These have been some thoughts. What do you think? I seem to like the unaffected grand piano sound, even better than the rich, saturated chorus, and echo. Because it's so basic...

no cosmetic changes, or enhancements.

But, I know my range, and versatility is limited. But, my hands have a lot of piano intelligence in them, from years of effort, and aspiring to jazz ideals. I've taught myself, not to sell myself short, but to trust God, and, to see what is really there.

Always remember, the best jazz performers simply did a job... most of their playing, (whomever they were,) wasn't exactly powerful, or affective... they just did their trademark sound, *and they got it out*. At any rate, this is kind of an ordinary sound, too, (Only occasionally affecting, or mesmerizing the senses.) Well, today is

Friday, and we're getting further rain from the hurricane, which has mostly passed to the north. I've covered everything I meant to say, and kept it inspirational, so I'll bring this writing to a close, now. Have a good weekend. All for now, Greg.

~

As I sit to write, this cold, drizzly morning in middle November, I am thinking about the blessings of this time... how very fortunate we are to have our health, and our

freedom. The more one thinks, about this,
the more we can see... ways in which we
are blessed. Having family, is a blessing...
even if it's only a work family, or a group
home family... *this is one of the most
precious of all blessings, to have.* When I
think about the years I spent in self
imposed isolation, living as a hermit, I can
remember, *some of the darkest times, I've
ever had... bar none.* I only regret that I
didn't give it up sooner. Really, the pivotal
point in my life, was in getting out of my
hermit lifestyle, into a group home... *this
made all the difference.* These words might
seem like they are too obvious to write,

but, not to me. *These words speak of something so essential, something so important to have, that most people don't even know they have it!* The company of other warm hearted human beings. Most people will have, and will maintain a healthy social life. But, I had gone inwardly, at around age twenty six, and only wished to be alone with my thoughts. So, naturally, I got self isolated. *Once you figure this one thing out, so that you know it, in your heart, you will really be able, then, to climb any mountain... and cross any sea.* It's just as important as the breath in our lungs, the blood in our veins. Well,

anyways, just a few thoughts. We have a snack, in the dining room, and then back to writing. The more I think about some things, sometimes, the worse they appear to grow, in my mind. Creative writing, *or as in discernment*, this way, in my view, is the best way to learn just what is in the human heart and mind. As we all have a collective subconscious, and unconscious mind... it's always good to just sit, and see what is first out... this has, many times, allowed me to diagnose certain unconscious, and subconscious factors, which shape our experience of the now. For myself, this morning, there is just simply such

turbulence, and conflicting wends
happening at the hyper cortex, just at and
around my third eye, *that I think I'm
missing, or haven't found yet, the right
strategy to deal with them.* Then, the Fates
would allow, I figure out how to do it! No
more migraine. *Like, tinkering on a
device, all afternoon, then getting it to
work... just like that.* Well, just some
thoughts. Our lives aren't governed solely
by the fates. No, the good Angels are
always going to be the biggest factor... I for
one, am pretty sure, I wouldn't have
survived the decade of my twenties,
without such strong Spirit behind me. At

any rate, just some thoughts. Well, today, I'm having to deal with my own worrying about other peoples mental illness. This is not, at all what I want to be worrying about. If you let other peoples' mental illness symptoms bother you to the point of distraction... *then you're just as deviant as they are.* So, don't worry about anyone else's symptoms but your own. Well, you might not have these kinds of problems now... you might never have them. But, somewhat after I had exhausted my need to self isolate... after two serious relapses, *I knew then, I had to get into group home living.* This was where, I had to learn to

overlook the symptoms of others... *so it wasn't really my business, I would tell myself.* I would still be living alone, if I had my way. Because, people will always make you upset, from time to time. At any rate, you learn these kinds of lessons, at a point, in growing up, *and kind of have to unlearn them, and then, it's like, classes resume.* You can't withdraw from people, completely... you'll have to get back with them, eventually. This, I think, is one of the strong wends of our civilization, this leaving and returning. Perhaps this is what the venerable sage was speaking about, in the ancient scriptures. But, at any rate, I

hope that you have been blessed by this writing, *and I seek to get it to you sooner than later.* Well, all for now, Greg.

~

Consciousness studies, in an ideal world, will lead one unto full fledged enlightenment of the soul. The enlightened perspective, sees everything happening in the material universe, *primarily as a flowing, in a relationship, with the world of the invisible... and*

somewhat as secondary, or subordinate, to
the invisible. (As those beings are
somewhat omniscient?) What if, we see
the other... take the invisible perspective,
maybe... *and see everything invisible as
being in a relationship with, or above the
material, and the fleshly?* (Or, the grass is
always greener?) Is it this dual perspective,
and this balance, one with the other, which
is somewhat at the heart of the making of
all lasting literature, and monuments? The
cycles of birth, rebirth, and death, and the
thriving of our lives, our breath and
respiration, and eating, digestion, and so
forth... *might be precisely that which keeps*

*our planet Earth in such habitable orbit
and axial tilt, around the sunn.* These
ideas are central to my thinking... how our
more or less conventional, traditional ways
and patterns suffice, enough to
acknowledge the intact ness of our solar
system. *And to keep this.* Well, it's the
third week in November, this year, and
we're just coming through a bitter cold
snap, in my region. But, our temperatures
are expected to be in the middle fifties,
later today. So, I'm looking forward to the
warm up. My thoughts at the moment are,
as usual, arising slowly and incrementally,
so a healthy patience is required, onto the

page. I think that the 'grass is always greener,' is a fitting metaphor pertaining to the expansion of the universe. *As the sea will always be wide, and wider, and difficult to cross over... you'll see, there will always be a yearning for those on the 'other side.'* This explains a lot doesn't it? *It might even explain the mysteries of the cosmos.* This appears to be easier for me to grasp, this morning, than not. At any rate, these are some thoughts. Boy, I'll tell you, it will sure be good to get away, from this place, if only for a day and a night. You've got to feel sympathy for those ones without mobility, or family that will have them...

even one night away, can be so restorative.

This afternoon sunn feels good, now, and

I'm completely warmed in it's radiance.

Gentle breezes are about, however... these

suffice as reminders of this winter's

season... it's presence. Most of the

deciduous trees, here, have dropped their

leaves. These trees are the skeletal

reminders, of those who, as dead in the

flesh, *will with winter's end be re birthed*

in a joyous celebration of the new

beginnings which spring's arrival

symbolizes. At any rate, just some

thoughts. Maybe, our modern society is in

two main groups. Those who are coming,

and those who are leaving. I had just recently written of this dual moving. I can see, more could be said of this, so, to witt. *Of those who have left...* some of them will be wise... *and will instinct you ally know to remain within the light of a 'central camp.'* These people will have made the mistake of going it alone, in their ignorance... their past. Therefore, they will conclusively know, by direct experience, what happens in the solitary path, *and so their ties unto the central light source will be un shake able.* So, this is in effect a third group, if you ask me. Those who are here, from the cradle... and who are already steeped in the

Godly wisdom, will be paired, in marriage, and or will have inseparable friends all around them. (These won't be in much danger of 'going it alone.') These might comprise the majority of human kind. But, here's the interesting part. *Spirit, in her many guy says, will tend to separate some from the majority, through what is thought of as 'individuation.'* These will be drawn to notions of spirituality, and self realization. Eastern mysticism, for these, might be a good antidote, for the more masculine attributes of their local families. At any rate, individual pursuits, such as any creative writing, sketching, painting,

music, or proficiency at a musical instrument, tend to help initiate, this path of 'individuation.' In effect, the person eventually looks upon the given world, of our typical media experience, and says to him or herself, *'Gee, I could do my own video work, and then I wouldn't have to sit through so many darn commercials!'* If he or she resists this calling, toward his or her own self actualization... if he gets side tracked into alcoholism, or drug abuse, (like I did,) and tells himself, 'I'm just going to remain outside, of the world of media, or writing, or design, whatever it is for him, *he will eventually find himself*

somewhat cornered, and the commercial radio just won't do for him what he needs.

So, this will be when he or she goes and gets started in recording himself, or writing and saving bits here and there, or sketching, and saving your work... some way, even if it is only with a portable tape recorder, an acoustic guitar, or harmonica... he'll begin to dabble around in this kind of work... this kind of self expression. Part of the path of 'individuation,' I think, will be, at an early time, having a 'visionary experience,' or his or her following, or seeking out, visual hallucinations, or visions, as a means of reeding directly from

his or her personal unconscious, or collective unconscious. Such a vision, might be thought of as being very meaningful, to him or her, and he gets hope, and encouragement, from either talking about, his vision, or representing, and dealing with it, artistically. I think, this for many is when the 'individuation,' path really begins... as the person treats his meaningful hallucination, or vision, artistically. For myself, this kind of artistic expression, was about five years before I was introduced unto the anima, and animus, the female and male creative principles, in our universe. Then,

following, this meeting time (was
precipitous,) in my life, and my whole
world view shifted, and began to transform
my whole life... from an empty headed,
lonely, agonized, self medicating, flunkie
of a hippie, into someone abundant in life...
overflowing with ideas, and life force...
*and this all started, with my being allowed,
or invited into the 'inner conversation,' by
those gone before...and this soon proved to
be a far more vast world, than I had ever
realized, or even dreamed. All of the
fantastic stories, then, were true!* Well, at
any rate, when this spirit world had opened
up for myself, I quickly became beset with

an agitated condition, which required me to constantly self medicate. This sort of 'probationary' period, (this imbalance,) lasted five years, and completely filled me in, as to what real pain is, and isn't, and today, I look back at this time, as essential for my longstanding well being, and artistic integrity, which could weather the storms that would come. So, things, for myself, worked out, and I now, have only to tell, of these things, periodically, in these writings, and so as to familiarize others with these kinds of personality, and life style changes.

This, indeed, explains some peoples' leaving, and also explains other peoples

arriving... or returning, as knowing to stay near the central light source, and to have a home family is so intrinsic, to the mind which has seen what darkness comes to the solitary path, and that self isolation. *So, don't mistake this kind of returning, for leaving, because, it isn't, and it won't.* All I know, is to stay, and to continue with ones present course of studies. At any rate, these have been some ideas, into these pages, this afternoon. I hope that they will be meaningful for you. All for now, Greg.

IN STARTING THIS WRITING, I'M
GOING TO employ incremental, gradual
processes, to, across time, slowly bring it
to completion. So there's no need to write
any great amount at any one time. I expect
this writing time to continue for a week or
more, just jotting down whatever ideas that
arise. *This notion of turning the 'frown
into a smile,' wasn't any piece of cake... or
was it? We all survived, which is better
than some. No one in our group died of
covid nineteen, either. So we'll be calling
our home fairly normal. So, enjoy your*

Cola! Yes, and mild stimulants do help. I mean, since I got into communal, or group home living... there's not really been a morning, that a cup of tea, or coffee wouldn't do the trick. Loosing one or more members of your 'home nucleus,' tends to send one's life into a sort of 'shadow lands,' for a time... *but, then given a years time, even a loss will become cheery again.* Part of what the spirit world, and this walking path, perhaps, symbolizes, is bringing people into their fullest potentialities. Do you think it's any coincidence that personal computers and smart devices often are seen to facilitate this advancement in some?

Particularly, if the person already knows keyboarding. But graphics and photography translate well to computers... digital cameras and image scanners, not to mention musical instruments, work well with a PC, as well. (Among many others... laboratory testing and other scientific instruments work well with computers.

Two good examples are weather forecasting, and medical imaging.) Do these binary tools and software tend to bring spiritual changes? *They're 'human potential' catalysts. But, with or without computers, individuation takes place, in some broken sigh keys.* When a person is

susceptible to meaningful visionary
experience, or hallucinations, individuation
sometimes begins, with the soul then
illustrating the personal, or non personal
meanings, or contents of the vision,
artistically, or in literature. I can think of a
vision of a sort, about the expectations
placed upon men of my age, today. You've
got to be in possession of charisma,
physical attractiveness (or muscles,) or else
money, in order to get approval in our
culture; without at least one of these,
you're out of luck. *Our quiet, literate,
thoughtful, inwardly people are, often
criticized.* I might be possessing wisdom

and intelligence enough to easily write this journal, but success is so subjective... how the actions of a single individual sometimes ruin the experience for everyone else; only the strong are seen to prosper; *when a negative event occurs... it's harder then, to rise above.* At any rate. I have seen, just recently, how we sometimes have to struggle, and possess perseverance, to endure the crazy antics of a sister, or a brother... when, all the good Lord really requires of us is that we ourselves find restorative rest, and continue finding rest, and good sleep. *You might wonder how such rest is possible, given people's*

ways, but, easily seeing how, good resting, doesn't hurt anyone, we all will have a promising future. Diacritical thinking ability quickly solves problems of this nature! By the grace of God, seeing past contradiction into the heart of the matter.

So on I go, as I am led by my best intuition. Our personal dreams and imaginings, sometimes are neutral, and don't point to anything external to our own selves... This should be good reassurance to yourself... and you'll wish to drink deeply of these peaceful waters. At any rate, this writing project is coming along easily, this late November morning. My latest

recorded piano show, is called '*Beauty Within.*' Using a range of the voices in my YAMAHA DGX-202, I am happy with its languid, hypnotic phrasing, and gentle melodies. The YAMAHA-202 is an example of an instrument, with an outstanding grand piano sound, primarily, but also a full bank of YAMAHA synthesizer voices... In effect, the best of digital synthesis, all in one simple, easy to use keyboard. At any rate. *The best, sometimes, one can accomplish is just to allow the gentle, easy conversation of the inner heart, the unspoken vernacular which does no harm, nor diss respect... but solely*

repairs what can be. Do you think a one
can undo the work of a precocious spirit?
Of course you can... but it's not easy. This
might would be a good challenge, as far I
can see it. Opinions vary, but there's a lot
you can do, if you're willing to be creative.
Just so that you redirect it, or sublimate it,
into a more benign, or beneficial
expression... like this writing path, or
whatever else you might can introduce into
it... to ground it, or make it neutral. See?
(I myself am accustomed to this strategy.)
It's the *dinner disagree ing with yourself*,
and it wants for you a 'guilt trip.' Of
course, you had forgotten to find

forgiveness for the animals and plants you
ranch and harvested.

We just try and employ respect and
consideration. Maybe we should respect
and learn the ways of the 'trickster'
archetype... as I can't very well see how
chaos sometimes happens, but it does none
the less, apparently. Somewhat like the
saying, 'tossing the deck of cards into the
air, and letting them fall as they will.' *How
this acknowledges the unknown, and the un
for seen... and makes peace, somehow. At
any rate, I seem to have to wait awhile, for
my 'corner turning' passage, like the lunch
break, or the week's end time, when the*

flood gates open. And I always wonder about extra terrestrial entities... what does the message mean? I really think we're always trusting others... we compare using ourselves... and that's not always a good model. Some of us are schizophrenic, and bipolar disorder and major depression happens to many, if left to their own devices. *But, our elected officials, and paid leadership usually don't have a emm eye diagnosis.* They will more likely be healthy, and well adjusted individuals. *And that mainly means a healthy social life, doesn't it?*

But, maybe you do believe in the mission

you're upon, you know you're loved, in other words... and you know you need and have assistance... your station is clear, to you... *so we do 'trust the system,' for yourself.* And you know, without doubt, how, to quote the song, *'Your shadow walks faster than you do.'* So when the pace quickens, you'll know to hustle, or fall behind. Well, I can see I've got plenty of good ideas... *I hope these have been as meaningful to you.* All for now, Greg.

~

I was thinking some more, this afternoon, about our quiet, inwardly, bookish writers, and thinkers. Some people think and live outwardly, and are more or less outgoing...

shyness means little to them, and their athletic aptitude may seem to be unrivaled.

But, as others around me are merrily arguing and debating every thought which

comes along, *I will often be silently listening, and forming opinions, and sheltering behind my shy personality.*

Having thoughts, is more or less the corollary of having emotions. *'If you don't have a say, you'll be ignored... overlooked, as if*

you were a ghost.' When the thoughts in my mind get to be too loud, or seem to be distracting, unto myself, I will almost always have to get a notebook and pen, or my word processor, and simply externalize a few of these thoughts. This almost always works a good magic. *Such is another way of 'having a say.'* Imagine, changing your focus, from the tired, sore middle of your aching head, unto the vast, virgin expanse of a blank notebook page... such a shift, can be so enlightening, that one feels as if a tremendous burden of weight is just lifted away. 'Oh yes, I remember.' 'This is why I became a writer

in the first place.' So, one never wants to neglect his or her moment, or fail to 'seize the day.' And, as you see your finished pages of completed writing growing in number, you'll be glad, then, and relieved.

Is there really any thing better, than looking, and finding, how '*One is at the apex, of the enormous world of life, and dreaming, and regeneration... rebirth... life, and being ness.*' Showing mastery, like this, (inputting text, for instance, into a word processor,) *is in many ways, the height of everything it means to be human.* Man and notebook, and pen, for instance... this can be just as intrinsic, in the scheme

of things, as is the 'highest heavenly kingdom...' The one, allows, and implies, and suggests at the other! Well, these are a few thoughts, this wendy evening in late November. I've written this way, before... most recently in the third chapter of my twenty fifteen to twenty seventeen book, more than six years ago. It seems like, to me, as if certain kinds of moon light... especially if a weather system is blowing across, tend to somewhat 'madden the mind,' and this kind of inner glare, can be so distracting, then, that anyone will find a notebook and pen, if only to, in effect, 'set the anchor down,' and to prevent the mind

from spinning so crazily. And I've used this expression before, as well, about the anchor. *But, you will notice, how, at a time in a writers life, he or she will have the acquired experience, and language fluency to describe most anything he will ever encounter, in most circumstances.* And, here's a parable: The youth, and beauty of every life eventually deteriorates, from age and decay, and passes away... this may be true, but, as it appears to me, *the higher, inwardly, heavenly candle which begins to shine upon earthly death, regains any beauty possessed in mortal life, and much, much more.* Indeed, I would suggest that,

it's the Heavenly life, beyond the grave,
which we should most plan ahead for... in
fact, we can incrementally build onto the
heavenly palace, for oneself, while in
Godly mortal life... *coming to recognize
this truth, has become a New Life, in Gods
fullness, for so many, many millions of
people.* Well, at any rate, these are some
thoughts, this evening. I hope you'll find
them beneficial. The way, in my opinion,
will definitely tend to be thoughtful, and
considering. This might mean you don't
connect outwardly in the same way as the
others. *You might instead tend to imagine
your conversations, before they happen...*

In effect simulating, and modeling your desired outcomes. Is it true, how this fairy world, this world of shadows, is completely imaginary? Part of the main idea, then, is just to avoid getting sucked into this imaginary world. But, nonetheless, *the happiness and peace, in my life didn't really begin, until I met my 'trusted familiars,' and began working and living in this conscious relationship...* I always had felt lonely and insular... You can imagine, coming into consciousness, and knowledge of this realm, was some thing like a homecoming. Learning the wisdom of this way, most recently, has included the belief,

and understanding, of how, this type of belief always requires a 'dual,' type of cognition. *In other words, we have, apparently, to be able to hold two separate ideas in one's mind, simultaneously.* This is not easy, but the more you familiarize yourself with the concept, of a true 'do odd,' complementary, and yet opposite concepts, which each have unique bearing on consciousness... Isn't this an Asian concept? *This pairing of balanced and complementary, yet opposite and different worlds, or ideas?* But, this concept will be familiar to those people who have been *'allowed into the inner conversation,'*

whether you subscribe to Buddhist thinking
or not... I myself have some of this
philosophy, but I have to most relate unto
Western Theosophy... as a lens through
which to look upon religious, and spiritual
beliefs in general. *This path generally
keeps me happy, and contented, within the
why der world.* At any rate, just some
thoughts. I hope the time, the reading has
been pleasant for you. All for now. Greg.

~

As I sit down, to try and start this article, I hope to have thoroughly looked at the latest 'issues of the day,' through the lens of this writing, by the first of December. That gives me three days, to quest, and brain storm, and really mull over what we see. In all honesty, I went through a time, this year, in which I would tell myself, *how the crazy events, in our land, in general, were perpetrated, mainly, by very, very, sick young men.* I have since somewhat come full circle, with this. *While I'm not a licensed councilor, or therapist, I know some things.* Young men, are young men. I myself was a young man, once... *I know the*

*despair, at just not being 'enlightened'
enough... at not having all of the
information, and knowing it... I guess, from
about age nineteen, I just knew there were
things I had yet to glimpse. And, during
this time, up until about age twenty three, I
would self medicate, if I thought, it would
'loosen up,' my 'inspiration...' and the
mental blocks, which, ironically, were
partly caused by, those very substances,
which I would inn jest. So, it was a bit of a
paradox... I myself had to try... and fail...
enough times, for me to realize... 'Hey,
Greg, isn't there something fundamental,
something basic, which you're missing?'*

So, at a point, I gave up my potions, and
inn ebriants, and got a job, and an
apartment, and told myself, *'I'm just going
to try and do right, and stay the course,
and wait for guidance.'* And, it wasn't long,
after starting back my job, at the print
shop, as a proofreader, that some light
bulbs lit up, behind my eyes, and I
somewhat began having an inner dialogue,
and the thought life, of someone, who was
a lot healthier, than my isolated, insular
self, had been... or felt myself to have
been. *The point is, I used my common
sense, at a point, and my life, and my
world, gradually got well.* Of course, this

didn't mean that my pain was over, in fact this period began a kind of five year 'probationary' time, an imbalance of chemicals, which kept me in an agitated, restless, anguished state... from the minute I would wake up, each morning, until the minute I got to sleep each night. *So I thought I was lost before... now, I was really hurting!* So, self medicating, with over the counter pills, which weren't illegal, but which were (some of the time,) shop lifted, became my only relief. I prayed every day, that this hardship would lift up off of myself, *I desired it mightily, and, pretty much stayed the course, almost*

entirely. (I went to city jail three times.) At the end of my rope, so to speak, some things external to myself happened, which kind of crushed my spirit... I felt my world was ending, and I hurt myself. But, the point is, when I woke up in the recovery ward at my local hospital, five years after my spirit was agitated, the anguish and agitation had lifted, and my prayers were answered, *(not to advocate self injury, in any way, though!)* but, I got to find out how good it feels, to wake up fresh each morning, knowing I can do it, the challenge, that is, and won't have to take some potion, or self medicate to just get

through the day! So, here is the idea.

Young men, are young men, for the most part. It's mainly when you give a powerful weapon of war to an ordinary borderline young man, that real problems, sometimes begin to precipitate. *I just don't think that emm sixteens and ay kay forty sevens we're ever intended for our nations suburbia, and neighborhoods.* That's the central truth, that I see from that. So, to me, that's it... young American men, aren't bad, at all... But, there may be some difficult facts to face, about what can be effectively sold, and traded, and other wise handled, in our consumer society, *with out more*

constraints, on sales. Well, at any rate, I guess my point was, I had seen something, as a teenager, which more or less turned me away from the culture of weapons, and ammunition... *mainly, my Moms brother had committed suicide with a gun, when I was about ten.* And so I pretty smartly adopted the philosophy, of the grass roots hippies, whose belief, is that, to quote the song, '**With our love, we can save the world,**' and not really by any other means that will ever really concern me. Other than this disclaimer! (I'm not a licensed councilor,) So, while I was offered a pistol, once, I balked at that... in other

words, I wouldn't have dared to possess some powerful battlefield weapon... in my life, nor in my room, nor anywhere around me. *But, on the other hand, for certain responsibilities, weapons are necessary,* and the 'young men,' who have gone 'wrong,' in our culture, I believe lacked in any strong aversion, to fire arms, to speak of, but they were probably fairly normal borderline young men... I think, it was the culture of weapons, being somewhat glorified, maybe, which sent those men astray. **If large capacity magazines, or assault weapons sales themselves, were prohibited, on the internet, and at the**

pawn shop, and so forth, I doubt that those things would be happening, like they have. And I can say a lot more, here, about how our older generation pretty much unintentionally cheated those of my bracket, by making those weapons so available, in online and physical retail... *in the name of the Liberties, of gun enthusiasts.* The question is a big one, and our peoples need to solve it, and make those large capacity magazines contraband... there's no doubt about it, in my mind. Well, I've said my two cents worth, and will try and bring this essay to a close. To everyone, I hope December

brings you joy, and we somehow remember
that the 'Christmas Spirit,' is somehow
found, not just in this month, but in the
spirit of giving generously, of yourself,
unto those who need it, at any time in the
year... and especially in our good culture of
arts, and entertainment... and, especially
our skilled craftsmen... *who else really
embodies the Santa Clause spirit, than
these?* Just some thoughts! Well, all for
now, Greg.

~

As I sit to write my way along into this fifth audio book chapter, of this twenty twenty two, part bee, I'm impressed with how worrisome are some of my cognitive struggles. *(Maybe, tending toward mentally sigh kick, to the exclusion of those ones around me.)* I really struggle with my occasional inability to explain persistent migraines... I wonder, 'Does anyone else deal with this?' Well, I think that, once we get this week's weather systems behind ourselves, we'll be along on our way, not just into December, but also through

another Happy New Year, and into coming
spring. So, you can see the why der view,
and here's hoping we can really enjoy
'backing away from things' in general. We
want, maybe, to grow more circumspect?
We're tending toward excessive worry, over
things we've no control over... which only
causes confusion... and makes things
worse. Well, at any rate, today is
beautiful... cool and sunny. I tend to be
quite opportunistic... picking up my
notebook, and pen at any given time, to get
some thoughts down, or to sort things
out...*ways I have of getting back at the*
devil. Or just getting some nature with my

music. And, we all have these ways... *time honored ways, of getting back.* If you think you don't have a good means, or technique,

for taking back, what the locusts have consumed, then just consider, the humble notebook, and pen, or sketch pad, and colored pencils. Affirmation all remarks, which you say, about others, are many...

'He will be the Parson, among us, with his devout ways.' 'He'll maybe get a collegiate dictionary for Christmas!' Or, *'If only he would write down, in linear fashion, some of those elliptical, and ideographic thoughts, and ideas... he's got the wits of a Salvador Dali.'* 'He's our venerable

eccentric mystic.' Or, 'If you could paint like that, with a harmonica, in sound, just think of the souls you could reach!' I

would rather hide away, than show vulnerability, or allow a chink, or hole, in the protective shielding... when it might would be good, to just drop all of my pretensions, or even just shout for joy, *but...*

I'd even more rather play some piano.

When, it's true, '**Most things don't matter to me,**' maybe I'll be so much less critical and demanding of others which I'm thrown

in with. Most people want mainly to be left alone. And, that's usually my specialty.

It's easy to toot ones own good high jean,

good diet, and sobriety, when these things are built into the household structure. Real independent living, I know, though, would prove itself to be such a vexation. Even the simple kinds of stressors, *like 'neighbors' flower garden,'* as communities are so closely knit together, and there's not much good space, between, one yard coming right up, unto the adjacent, without any screens of vegetation... this type of living arrangement, would make me claustrophobic. So, for ourselves to have such a perfect blend of family togetherness, and wide open back yard, and surroundings, is, nothing short of heavenly

elysium. But, the world outside is not always built on holistic group living... *people sometimes just have to make do,* with solitude... loneliness is often a part of the equation... *when we don't have good, outgoing social skills, we'd wind up isolated!* But, like gravitates toward like... toward those of your own kind. So we find ourselves comforted, by one another's presence. I just don't think that there's any easy way of saying, that, '*I forgive myself. I can, if I have to, go back proud, of a job well done.*' When, in truth, I already know how external events will always try and get 'under my skin...' but

just in affirming, 'You've done nothing wrong, Greg.' And somewhat repeating this affirmation, until you understand it... it's significance, and importance. And, writing therapeutically, and telling yourself, '*This, is very helpful.*' Write it as many times as it takes, for you to understand... all you ever do, is to try and help, and contribute constructively. Miss happens, or crimes aren't ever sought, and never any bad luck, or any wrong should ever happen. I wake up each morning, and try and live as economically, and gently as is physically, and mentally, and emotionally possible. There are several harmless outlets, which I

will have interest in: Expressive piano, sketching, stream of consciousness journaling, reading, photography... the list is fairly lengthy, and in general doesn't include network media, unless it's solely interactive. *I watch very little television, and I won't choose radio, unless my recorder is running.* Or live streaming media... not for me. Except of course the interactive kind. (Streaming media, is a big forte of mine, but in general, I like to own the files, for my personal use, rather than play others' streams. I would much rather possess the personal creative commons license... so, not much for

streaming media. But, I know many many do, enjoy streaming media... because, maybe its exciting, or riveting, but the migraines which begin developing, as one has streamed too much, are very frightful.

I couldn't imagine operating a vehicle, while downloading, or streaming. Very dangerous.) At any rate, these are a few thoughts. Our clouds are overhead, the sunn is obscured, and the wind is kind of up, and blustery. We're grateful to live in a brick and mortar house... That's for sure. Well, these have been a few thoughts, for the sake of jore nalling, and to connect with my reader in these ways. I love

reading contemporary content... *it's not so important who wrote it, as when.* And these words kind of stand for my spiritual here and now... *informed by the 'bye and bye.'* It's been peaceful just sitting and developing this article. I hope you've enjoyed it. All for now, Greg.

~

*'When one is in conscious awareness of
the souls of the departed, peril is always
afoot.'*

*'As we always trace our thoughts back,
unto their elusive origins, the language
and voice center becomes seen as a portal
into the shadowy spirit world. '*

When one goes unto the empty notebook
page, to peer inwardly, and see that which
is just beneath the surfaces, of
consciousness, you might have to use a
lead in thought... a kind of 'broad brush
stroke,' which both signifies, and stands for

the present, and which lays a course, into the future. The more you familiarize yourself with how to best make these beginning footsteps, the more confidence you'll feel in starting any new writing. At a point, in publishing, one will have several ventures 'in production,' or 'in the works,' at any given time. If you manage to make a good start, to a month, say, in music, and in publishing a good new set of songs, you'll thereafter tend to wish to mostly just rest, for a while... *three days, is a good term... to come to greater understanding of the character of your product.* Sometimes, it's not just your product, which takes time,

to get... *it's the time period, itself.* I sometimes feel, in publishing, like I've been launched into outer space... or like I'm part of an experimental test group... or a laboratory animal, for research. A new project might require a few days, before you begin feeling real closure, after it's publication. So, one must be prepared to *'cross distances of time gracefully,' within limited understanding.* At any rate, I think it's true, how the inhabitants of the higher plains of consciousness... those whom aren't visible with the physical senses, but which are only seen, through the eyes of the soul... will be, and are, somewhat in

possession of a great deal of intellectual property, or equity, which their higher presence, and thoughtful impetus has built, in partnering with a mortal, like myself, *and who operates as an 'eyes, and ears, and hands, and feeling,' for those heavenly inhabitants.* I myself am very grateful, for the roles I am given, whether they be small, or large, in arriving upon, and continuing the ideas of the amazing time. As I sit here, now, upon this bed, writing into this wireless keyboard, connected to my smart phone, I am very conscious of the warmth of the room... the nice air conditioning from out of our room's vent, is making the

gauzy window drapery to somewhat blow about, a bit, *something like the sails of a big ship, or as in a vintage commercial for laundry detergent, with clothes on a line, in the wind, and the brilliant sunlight.*

After a sensory digression, like this, I may wish to look back, into my own heart, and regain my footing, in a kind of inner comforting... this is when the language, speech, and voice center can be helpful, as we, seem to follow, or trace our thoughts back, into their elusive origins... *this type of motion, or meditation, usually brings a surge of pleasure feelings, in the mind, like the bunch of carrots, for a race horse. If*

one doesn't do this inward looking, and backward walking, then I've found, that he or she will grow overly entangled, in sensory information, and there will be an increasing aching pain, around the words, we use, and the voice, and mouth... the whole head, then throbbing most painfully. This pain is best alleviated, by walking my ideas back, into their 'elusive origins,' letting the visual faculty somewhat probe, and peer deeply, into the folds, of the heart... mentally speaking, and by means of the etheric eyesight... and using that subtle neuro muscular control, and grip. You see?

This, then is the way unto deeper

appreciation of one's own heart... *looking beneath the surface, back into the spiritual origins of ideas, themselves, the 'volumetric origins,' of ideas, within one's thought collective.* This, I would say, is the reason that I am feeling better, even now, and my migraine has vanished, and I'm not in any pain what so ever. At any rate, these have been a few ideas, this rainy morning in early December. Such has been of the natures of a journey, and of much experience... *The time and effort it takes for me to 'Enter the chakra of the heart.'* What do you think? But, following each thought back, within itself, *this turbulent*

ocean's surface, yet is tranquil stillness...
beneath the surface. I guess it's a matter
of, the question of 'What's allowed today,
or tomorrow, or any day.' 'Or, not.' For
instance, if you're experiencing technical
difficulties, with your device... You might
be more or less not allowed into the
fullness, of the experience. The same goes
for your body machine... health, like wealth
and status, are somewhat subjective...
consider as in a bad earth quake, or
tornado. At any rate, these are some
thoughts. I think, that older people, and
most adults, sometimes see a frightening
world outside, *which tends to mirror their*

own worst nightmares. We have to know the difference between truth, and made up... which might not really be true to life. I think, for the most part, we should be able to conquer our fears, and de-mystify fears of such things as death, and ghosts. Young people might not know the paranoid nightmares which their parents torment their selves with... they're much simpler, and their fears are commonly around, you see, death and ghosts. *Their hopes and dreams are more or less completely wrapped up in their junk drawer, or their Lego set collection, or their chemistry set, or their favorite magazine subscription.*

Everything else, is taken on faith... that the world keeps on turning, and that their parents will provide for their needs. But, many kids are socially insecure, and may not like the mirror, *especially with the changes puberty brings to some*. And, see, those kinds of insecurities, are exclusive to childhood. Grown ups feel different insecurities, such as food scarcity, and financial insecurity... some fear societal sickness, and worries about the logical disorders in others, especially, as themselves, or their family becomes threatened. But, I have looked at mortality statistics, in the internet, and concluded

that its mostly in my head... made up worries, which fill in, so to speak, for what my worries were as a child... fears around my appearance, in the mirror... *a kind of projected fear, of others, based in my own insecurities, about my own ability to keep my sanity, and not get sick. Or my own dissatisfaction, with my physical appearance.* There are also a lot of fears we have, about bad migraines, and that they'll cause a disaster, like a wreck... maybe this is why some people stay in group homes, giving up some of their liberties, and entrusting them to younger, paid peoples, which do for them, what they

can't do for themselves. At any rate, I'll wrap this writing up, now, and send it along your way. All for now, Greg.

~

Living has shown myself, how, anything real, is both a blessing, and a curse. Look at, musical talent, for instance. You have a full expressive freedom, that's for one thing. *Like myself... I can play most anything I want on the piano, but I'm handicapped in other areas.* Others, and

myself, are usually cursed with un realistic expectations, of ordinary life. It's just that, you're so sociable... a 'babbling brook,' but

I'm inn drawn, and quiet. Or, I'm always thinking about my work. *And, having an inner thought life, is itself both a blessing and a curse.* For, instance, your home life,

might be kind of fractious. Here's the reason: Your peers say to themselves,

'Well, he's a nice person, and all... but if he's trying to communicate, with me, all of the time, telepathically...' *I'm always going*

to be phlegmatic, and em pasive, to that side of him.' 'But, on the other hand, if

he'll just talk with me, openly, face to face,'

'Well, I just might be agreeable, then.' But, his mind is usually on his work! See. And, people's good common sense tells them, there's no such thing as ghosts, or invisible people, or mental telepathy... so, you see, minds might never meet, in the honest sense... *one will be one way, so, the other will be different.* It's just the ways of life.

Yin and Yang. Here's another thing.

Anything 'real life,' will always be comprised, at least partly, of shades of gray. For instance, musical talent. Having a real gift, brings the best, and the worst, out of people. And that's just life. And we have to see both. Another... the army

company, completed the objective... but,
What was the cost? War is never easy. Me,
I lost an eye, and Jim, he lost a leg. Mike,
well, he'll never be the same, but, he
thought he was doing the right thing, at the
time. *Charlie, well, we just don't talk
about him.* Surely, the objective was
achieved, but you can't tell me, that Mike is
very happy with it. At any rate. Just some
thoughts. It's so easy to say, 'All of the
anecdotes have already been told...' *but,
don't you believe it, Because, the world is
only missing your own unique slant on
life... so, why don't you share it?* I hope
you see, how, this is the main reason I do

art, or piano, or writing like this, just because, 'It's something to do,' and '*I'd rather have something to do, and to show for the time passed.*' Not that I'm such a genius, or a virtuoso... not by a long stretch. It's just my voice, in a democracy where, well, *we're free to share our own voice!* Any way, these are some thoughts.

Being as I am, a writer, who also plays piano, and sketches, I'm very familiar with what I think could be called 'spiritual materialism.' It's the flaw of seeing mainly the hard copy, of a book, or a sketching... and, the fault of *seeing the expanding of one's overall portfolio, as being desirable,*

maybe over the dreams and ideas, the spirit revolutions, it represents. Or, any kind of 'quantity over quality,' type of values... these inevitably tend to creep into ones' path, as part of the basic criteria... in other words, it's maybe better to be, onto the written page, than to neglect ones gift, entirely... there's much more value, in a time, obviously, if I have something good to show for it, but, the heart is one thing, the head is something else. And the spirit is still another. Anyway, my best guidance, today, goes something like, 'Walk back, along the path, from where you have just come.'

Our thoughts, are much more than just what comes out of our mouths... I see this better, as I age. There's a kind of a 'back stage,' to our human consciousnesses...

(other terms, are back rooms, and antechambers,) where careful discerning, and planning, must be seen to... especially, when we are sitting at a work station, like a word processor keyboard, or a piano controller. You've certainly heard of the expression, 'God is my co pilot.' *But, I would suggest, that, this co pilot usually manages nine tenth of the responsibilities, involved in successful traveling...* me, well, I'm only good, in so far as I am able to stay

closely attuned unto these 'co pilots,' and make myself as clean, and diss passion ate a receiver, of such wise discernment, as I am able. And, right now, this means, 'Walking back, along the path, from where one has just come.' In so far as I am able to do this one thing, *and nurture this communion, without the aching heart, and the burns, of mindlessly rambling*, then I experience true happiness. I hope that this writing has sufficed to shine a light upon these ideas... They aren't really new, just reinvented, with my mind. All for now,
Greg.

~

As I sit to write a few thoughts into this word processor keyboard, tonight, I'm enjoying the light flowing of piano music from my tablet computer beside my bed. I've really come to appreciate, in the past year, just how very advanced, and enlightened, our modern peoples are... *how, it's really very true, all of the tales, and the myths, that is...* and, how, also, despite our sophistication, our society is, like unto nature, in some of her ways. Of course,

there's this big thing: Rites of passage, are a constant, in all life... there will always be great difficulties, and challenges, in expressing ones self into the grown up society... *in establishing oneself, in ones community.* An area of land, will only hold so many examples, of each kind of species... *an animal usually won't stay where his or her presence isn't welcome.*

Strict suspicion chases, and hounds anyone and anything in self transformation state.

Many youth go through physical, and emotional changes... I for one would just about rather anything, than have to be a teenager again. It was as if, I had an over

abundance of puberty changes, way more than just childhood reveries, and this became more apparent, when I reached my teens. Inebriants were often sought by me, to artificially stimulate these fugue states, and I quickly became seen as dishonest. I had a quick mouth, but having lost that special innocence, I was seen by my family as just a dirty old man. Everything was so new and confusing to me... I had no idea, of some of the conventions, and norms, which I appeared to ignore... the boundaries which I just pushed upon, and tested. School classes, were a rhythm which I was somewhat compelled to

participate in... but I really hated having to get up at four or five every morning, just to worry myself sick, over my personal appearance. What good was my attending classes, then? *But, I had no choice.* My hair was always bad, because I didn't know it should be shorter in the front. My clothes didn't fit right... I hated anti perspirant, but felt as though it was my only recourse, to my anxieties. Hair spray, styling gel... *none of it did any good, whatsoever.* Now, can you see, how, not all kids are well adjusted in school years? I was just fortunate, however, that I was given some 'street smarts,' by some

thoughtful, and generous peers my age...
who saw the way my mind was 'hugging the shadows,' and that my full potential was being neglected. These experiences, such as
good reading, and lots of music
appreciation, put me in a much better
position, to share my good ideas, in
writings such as this journal, and those
from my past twenty years. *Especially, I think that having the affection of a good woman, as a teenager, and into my twenties,* this self esteem improvement
gave unto myself status, and simple
respect. My mind, comes back, now, unto
this piano music, I am listening to now.

This artist uses tempo, and meter... and, imagery to great effect, *and she knows the power of phrasing, (which she makes an understatement.)* I guess, that this phrasing, is what I see as most important, in my own playing. At any rate, In writing, as in medium is tic discerning, or more creatively, we're often pausing, contemplatively, in order to find the most sensible path... *and often as a segue, or transition into another cognitive environs.* My clair audience, gives the small parts I play, a lasting quality in and amid the ever shifting sands of time. A small piece of technology, a new or used appliance, can

somewhat revolutionize ones study corner,
for the better. A small speaker amplifier,
with sturdy connectors, which can be
interchanged with multiple input sources, is
proving most helpful. This is just an
example, of how a thrift store find, can do
wonders, for ones morale too. At any rate,
this is a nice warm, damp December
evening, where I am. I saw three or four
grown rabbits out under the halogen light
in the south field, a few minutes ago...
appearing to be hopping around, and
nibbling the grasses. There's a full moon,
tonight, and I think it's somewhat obscured
by this cloudy overcast. *You know, I*

practically think it somewhat boils down to this: Our carnivorous diet is suspect.

Many people don't realize, the way in which brown fatty meat, when metabolized, makes a beeline for our hearts, and the veins and arteries which supply this organ tend to get clogged, unless we really watch what we eat. Also, starches tend to get stored as bulk fat. Dinner almost always diss agrees with me. At any rate, here's somewhat how my ordinary life goes, for me, (*case in point,*) : I have a thought.

Then, I feel that I have to back track, mentally, to explain just quite what was meant by that thought. My better half is

strong, but she's always catching this toxic criticism, from her male counterpart. The thought was taken, or seen, or felt wrong.

This speaks mostly about the male's insecurities, (*he criticizes his own weaknesses, he finds in her, and others,*) and in his own self critical thoughts.

Despite this male criticism, at the upper level, *alike favors alike, and I'm always strongly glad, and relieved, to find similar talent, like myself, prospering.* What an enigma, figuring out just which thoughts

'flow from within,' and which are 'interposed from without.' Proximal spirits, somewhat locally, sometimes get a little too

'into their game,' and their methods are akin to 'armchair quarterback.' So, this explains my predicament. So, but this merciless contrary spirit tends to neutralize any forward momentum... quickly damping the passions. This is the part of winter, when we get seventy degree days, for a time... with night time temperatures down to fifty and sixty degrees. Alabama, here is at the isothermal ranges of the South of France. We'll enjoy the warm weather while we've got it... but instability, including storms, and possibly snow, looms for next week. In many ways, this human predicament will always necessitate that

we find forgiveness for ourselves... isn't this somewhat why we bring children into the world... to bear our unique genetic attributes, and in essence, find balance among our polarities... harmonizing east with west in the process, and bridging the distance, and soothing the wounds, and regrets, of mankind's fractured history?

And, Isn't this the Christmas story, for instance? So, for this great purpose, and meaning, *all children must have presents!*

And all adults, must learn concentration attention, for so as to always pass through the eye of the needle, the narrow gate... as this alone will allow safe passage into the

worlds beyond. I hope that, with this writing, I will have placated your doubts, and soothed your fears, around and within the esoteric, and implied truths, of being a mortal human, in this age, or in any age.

Well, our skies may be generally cloudy now, but our weekend is expected to bring plentiful sunshine and into the next week.

Then, we'll find more seasonable cool temperatures, and into the latter part of December. At any rate, this writing will likely finish up this audio book, and rather than doing another part, into twenty twenty three, I'll begin, after a time for rest, with the next book project. I'll wrap this essay

up, and send it along your way, now. All
for now, Greg.

